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PACTS AGAINST COMMUNISM

THE Soviet Union, if not controlled by fanatics, could have led the post-war world peaceably towards Socialism. Because of her indiscriminating negatives at Uno; because of her refusal to participate or allow satellite Powers which needed dollar aid to join in the Marshall conversations at Paris; because in consolidating the strategic area allotted her at Yalta and in dealing with Socialist parties in Czechoslovakia and beyond, she has shown no consideration for Western susceptibilities or understanding of the desire for personal freedom in the world—for these reasons the U.S.S.R. has brought against her a coalition which includes many who wished to be her friends and has hurried the United States in two years through a psychological evolution which would otherwise have taken twenty years to complete. It is perfectly true, as Communists would reply, that others have been engaged in the same struggle for power; that in the struggle no scruples have been shown and no holds barred by anyone; that the U.S. has spread its financial and strategic tentacles all over the world; and that the U.S.S.R. and its associates have felt themselves menaced by "imperialism." Recent developments, however, are the foreseeable reactions to Soviet policy. The U.S.S.R. has started a vicious circle.

The first development is the signing of an alliance between Britain, France, and the Benelux Powers. This alliance, though it talks of economic and social unity, is at present predominantly a military pact which nominally provides protection against a revived Germany, though it in fact assumes that much of its strength will come from a rebuilt Ruhr and Rhineland. Such a military pact of Powers that would at present be helpless against the Russian armies if they moved across Europe would only be an invitation to Soviet aggression if it were not accompanied by a warning from Mr. Truman that the United States may underwrite Western Union—at the cost of accepting conscription.

It is possible that these moves by the Western Powers will lead to a decision by the U.S.S.R. that it is dangerous to hasten the Communist revolution. Russia may seek an agreement with America on the basis of spheres of influence. It is to be hoped that the effect is not to persuade the Kremlin that war is inevitable, and that all haste must be made in stimulating revolution. The obvious danger of the Brussels pact is that Powers that would welcome close economic unity will keep aloof for fear of provoking Soviet penetration. That would indeed be to sacrifice the reality for the shadow.

If the working classes of Czechoslovakia, Italy or France become Communists, bombs and tanks are no remedy. In fact the Communist menace bears little resemblance to the Nazi menace. The Nazis threatened the world with national conquest in the name of a racial, pre-civilised philosophy. The Russians state the thesis that capitalism is incapable of solving the economic or international problem, and they do what they can to encourage foreign Communism and to discourage capitalist reconstruction. War might destroy the world, but it would provide no answer; indeed it would be the final justification of the Marxian thesis. The only possible answer to Communism is to disprove the theory of Western decadence. By violence it is, of course, possible that clericalism in Italy or de Gaulle in France might batten down the threatened Communist revolt. The destruction of liberty would be as great as that imposed by Communism; though the victims would belong to a different class. But no such violence from the Right would restore stability, meet the economic challenge or change the minds of the workers about the capitalist system.

Here, then, is the test of this week's events. The serious issue is whether the Western Powers are capable of the kind of self-help which involves overriding economic sovereignty and creating the basis of genuine Socialist revival founded on their own labour and resources. If they succeed, the mass of the workers in France, who care for liberty only less than they demand bread, will see no reason to accept Communism. In that case there will be no vacuum for Soviet propaganda to fill. In that case we may have a Socialist, and not a Communist or Fascist, solution. But success depends on a more fundamental approach than the British Foreign Office at present seems ready to accept. It was noticeable in Paris that France, more immediately threatened than Britain, was more ready than Mr. Bevin to give drastic powers to the "continuing agency." Mr. Bevin seems not to have been much affected by the manifesto of back bench M.P.s which was thrust into his hands before he left for Paris.

The value of this manifesto, which is to be moved as a resolution in the House of Commons, is not yet certain. Its origin is clear enough. Mr. Mackay, an ardent Federalist, and Mr. Boothby, an energetic Conservative and an old friend of Mr. Churchill, together set to work to formulate the need for Western Union in a manner acceptable to both Tories and Labour men. Since Labour would not accept Mr. Churchill's leadership, it was tactically wise on Mr. Boothby's part to obtain signatories to this document without approaching either of the Front Benches. After all, Mr. Churchill can always add his signature to the motion and, by speaking on its behalf, make himself leader of Labour Members who had refused to be his followers. Whether the document does good or harm therefore depends on whether its signatories are alive to the danger that Western Union may merely be a cover-phrase for a military pact with a little dollar aid thrown in, or whether they will press forward for that abrogation of sovereignty and the acceptance of economic planning that is demanded in their document. It is remarkable that so many Conservatives should be willing to sign a manifesto which, perhaps too cavalierly, omits to take account of the importance of the Dominions in British economy, and it is a pity that the Labour signatories were prepared to accept that loose and slippery word "co-ordinate" in referring to the powers and duties of the combined "staff" which they demand. The long-term policy is no less than complete federal union of Western Europe. It is in short the sort of document which might be the beginning of a movement as important as Federalism in the United States one hundred and fifty years ago: it might also be a mere springe to catch woodcocks.

Congress and Marshall Aid

The Marshall Plan still has to run the gauntlet in the House of Representatives, whose Foreign Affairs Committee seems intent on writing a Bill in which the economic needs of Western Europe will be lumped with the military requirements of the Governments of Greece, Turkey and Kuomintang China. Meanwhile the Senate, by 69 votes to 17, has passed a European Recovery Bill which conforms more closely than many had dared to hope to the Secretary of State's original conception. Senator Taft's attempt to whittle down the first-year's appropriation from 5.3 billion to 4 billion dollars was defeated by 56 votes to 31; and though clauses were added to the Bill providing that half the goods sent to Europe must be carried in American ships and disallowing the chartering of surplus American ships to European countries, Senator Vandenberg succeeded in warding off other wrecking amendments proposed both by the Isolationists and the extreme Interventionists. So far, so good. Yet the debate illustrated the unresolved dualism in the mental approach of Senators to the European problem. They refused to accept the view of Senator Ball that Communism could not be stopped by dollars but only by an American undertaking to "commit its military strength," if called on, against Russian aggression; and Senator Taft notably dissociated himself from the demand of Mr. Byrnes that American "action" should be taken to meet the international crisis which he foresaw "only four or five weeks from now." "If there were going to be a World War," declared Senator Taft, "there would be no sense in appropriating 5 billions for a European Recovery Programme." Yet there was evidently a strong underlying fear in the Senate that Marshall Aid might be used indirectly to strengthen a potential enemy, just as Japan, before Pearl Harbour, profited by American exports of oil and scrap steel. Unsuccessful efforts were made by several Republican Senators to write into the Bill a clause vetoing the re-export to the Soviet Union or its satellites of any U.S. goods received under the Aid Programme. In urging, however, that the Bill should be left as it stood, both Senator Lodge and Senator Connally made it plain that the Administrator would have wide powers of discretion in this issue, and that, when it came to concluding the 16 bilateral pacts between the U.S. and the recipient countries, some safeguards might have to be imposed. The Senate presumably recognises, as the U.S. State Department certainly does, that the whole Recovery Programme drafted by the Paris Conference is based on the assumption that there can and must be some expansion of trade between Western and Eastern Europe; but the words of Senator Connally are disquieting. "If England," he said, "asked for steel . . . and then sold steel products to someone else, it would be a classic case for the Administrator to say, 'You don't get any more of anything, Mr. England.'" Clearly, if the Recovery Programme is not to be ruined by Congressional pressure to revive the inhibiting provisions of the Lend-Lease Act, lest militarily valuable products filter through the Iron Curtain, the Administrator will have to be a man of vision and common sense.

International Socialism

The announcement from Washington that, if Italy elects a Government dominated by Communists, she can expect not one dime of American aid means that, if the Democratic Front wins on April 18, Italy will be deliberately placed behind the Iron Curtain. Is the same policy implied in the visit of the Secretary of the British Labour Party to Rome last week-end? Does it mean that Western Socialists are to abandon all efforts to keep contacts with their opposite numbers in countries within the Russian sphere of influence? Mr. Morgan Phillips appears to have gone to Rome in the hope that the official Italian Socialist Party, led by Signor Nenni, might be induced to leave the Democratic Front, based on Communist-Socialist collaboration. The attempt, as might have been foreseen, failed: Cesare Lombroso, a member of the Italian Socialist Executive, is reported in the press to have stated bluntly that the British request was refused because "we should lose all the workers to the Communists if we broke with them." Mr. Morgan's reply has been to invite the dissident Socialist fraction led by Saragat—the strength of whose following is much exaggerated by the 52 seats held by the group in the present Parliament—to the Conference in Surrey, next week-end, of delegates from all the Socialist Parties of "Marshall Plan" Europe. We trust this does not imply any intention to exclude the Nenni Socialists from the Conference. What is the use of Britain calling upon Socialists to stand up for their liberties in Eastern Europe if we desert them when they must need our friendship?

M. Pleven Proposes

The latest development on the Right Wing of the French political scene has been the proposal made by M. Pleven, General de Gaulle's former Finance Minister, that the Catholic M.R.P., the Socialists and the small Right-Centre groups should combine with de Gaulle's *Rassemblement* to form a strong coalition government. The suggestion has been coldly received by the Socialists; and M. Blum has declared categorically that his party will never enter into such a combination. In *l'Aube*, the M.R.P. newspaper, the question is asked rather plaintively why the Gaullists should not be content to lend the support of their votes in the Chamber to M. Schuman. The fact, however, remains that the Democratic Union group, to which M. Pleven belongs, and the Radicals (represented in the Cabinet by the Finance Minister, M. René Mayer) hold the Government's fate in their hands. Had it not been for their votes, M. Schuman would have been defeated in the Chamber on the Bill enacting the forced loan. For the immediate moment there is no issue on which the Government is likely to fall; but the cost of living is still rising, and the Secretary-General of the C.G.T. has hinted this week that a demand for a 20 per cent. increase in the minimum wage cannot long be deferred unless the upward price-trend is reversed.

Sterling and Holidays Abroad

In settling the provisional list of countries to which tourist travel (with a reduced currency allowance) is to be restored this year, the first consideration in the Chancellor's mind has presumably been to limit the concession to cases not likely to involve a drain on Britain's gold reserves. If, as we hope, the long-debated trade agreement with Yugoslavia is shortly concluded, the inexpensive delights of the Dalmatian coast should also be made accessible this summer to British tourists. It seems odd that Belgium should still be included in a ban lifted in the case of Holland and Denmark; but the reason for this decision emerges clearly from the new payments agreement which has just been concluded between Britain and Belgium covering the period January 1, 1948, to June 30, 1949. Under the pre-existing agreement, Belgium, by selling more to the sterling area than she bought from it, and by exporting vigorously to countries outside the sterling area who paid for their purchases in sterling, had accumulated much more sterling than she had undertaken to hold. The Bank of England, it is believed, has recently been shipping gold to Belgium at the rate of £50 million a year. Clearly the payments situation was such as to preclude any possibility of expenditure in Belgium by British tourists. Belgium has now undertaken to "restrict drastically" the acceptance of sterling from countries outside the sterling area and to admit imports from the sterling area "to the greatest possible extent." But as the announcement of the new agreement speaks also of a planned *increase* in the flow of essential materials from Belgium and her colonies to Britain, it may be some time before British tourists tread the streets of Bruges.

PARLIAMENT: Matters of Conscience

Wednesday

Not till the Prime Minister had answered all the supplementary questions about Communists and Fascists in the Civil Service, did Members begin to wonder whether he had not, in fact, announced the end of the Liberal Age. Of course, said most Labour Members, key positions must be denied to individuals who are potential traitors. But is it not a dangerous principle to disable whole classes of people in their civic rights, not because of what they have done, but because of what they may do; and to disqualify them from office not for failing to observe objective standards of conduct, but for falling below subjective standards in the minds of the Executive?

Tories laughed heartily when Bramall asked that the administration of the regulations should be in the hands of people who can distinguish Communists from Socialists. They emphasised that, were they in power, they would be quite impartial between the two in purging the public services.

In the enthusiasm of the chase, one voice struck a spoil-sport note. Sir Ian Fraser, an isolated and dignified figure, asked that the Government's field of activity should be limited, since otherwise, "would not the right hon. gentleman be embarking on an unaccustomed and difficult course?" The Prime Minister assured the House that the new measure would not be abused. Meanwhile, Sir Waldron Smithers smiled happily; the Government were beginning to show some sense.

The week began with two melancholy events—the democrat Masaryk resigned by suicide, and the Zionist Creech-Jones introduced the Palestine Bill. The winding-up of Palestine's affairs took place in a far different mood from the cordial atmosphere of self-congratulation that marked the India Bill. In India, the estate had been divided; in Palestine, everyone had been cut off with a penny.

Creech-Jones at the despatch box looked like a modern Jacob struggling with his angel, but no one thought for a moment that the Colonial Secretary would let the angel win. The Parliamentary Labour Party had rather more difficulty with its conscience. In the lobbies, Acland and Warbey confirmed by their vote what they had said in their speeches, that in their view it is both honourable and expedient for a Party to keep its promises. The Opposition lost no opportunity of irking the Government with reminders that it had undertaken to abolish the White Paper. Apart from Macdonald, who repeated the smear of Soviet-trained Jewish Communist units passing through D.P. camps—a charge promptly rebutted by Kenneth Lindsay, who had visited the camps with Macdonald—all speakers in the debate made constructive, though anxious speeches.

Pickthorn's speech in the Palestine Debate was one of the best and most impressive indictments delivered in the present House by either front or backbenchers. In itself, it offered a justification for retaining the University seats, which Peake with his tortuous arguments failed to reinforce during the Committee Stage of the Representation of the People Bill. The Opposition could only claim that the University seats should be kept because of some under-the-counter bargain with the leaders of the Labour Party. From time to time, University Members tried to interrupt the squabble to claim that they had some right to existence on their merits. Herbert Morrison re-emphasised that this Parliament could not be bound by agreements of previous Parliaments.

As the evening went on, the Tory orchestra became louder and less co-ordinated, till at last, Chuter Ede—"One man, one vote!"—sat down two minutes before the question was due to be put. Hogg jumped to his feet. The Chairman, Major Milner, rose to his. "Order!" shouted the Government supporters at Hogg. "Order!" (or something like it) shouted the Tories, braying with all their brass. The Chairman waited for Hogg to sit so that he could put his motion; Hogg waited for the Chairman to sit so that he could "talk the motion out." Amid the Sousa din, Hogg's jaws could be seen moving in violent agitation, as when in a talkie the sound track goes dead. The moment the opposing sides paused to draw breath, Hogg claimed the right to speak. Major Milner said quietly, "Mr. Hogg!"

MAURICE EDELMAN

BUDGETING FOR A SURPLUS

THE paradoxes of scarcity economics, as revealed both in the White Paper and in the memoranda prepared by the F.B.I. and by the wholesale distributors, confront Sir Stafford Cripps with some very pretty budgeting problems. Ordinarily Chancellors of the Exchequer who can see their way clear to a handsome budget surplus have a pleasant and easy choice: they can reduce taxation, or they can allow with equanimity for higher public expenditure. Sir Stafford has a much more difficult choice to make. If he reduces taxation, he will release more purchasing power into a market which is ill-placed for supplying more goods for home consumption. If he arranges for more public spending, he will produce the same effects either through an increased public demand on scarce man-power or indirectly through increased "transfer" payments to the beneficiaries of the social services. The third possibility, of course, is to use the surplus for redemption of either floating or long-term debt. As matters stand to-day, a large budget surplus applied to debt reduction is the least open to objection of the three aims Sir Stafford can attempt to realise.

This is doubtless an unpalatable doctrine; and in truth the matter is not nearly so simple as this generalisation would make it appear. For example, it may be necessary to spend public money, beyond what is already being spent, on keeping down the cost of living in order to hold pressure for higher wages in check. If, however, this is to be done, it is obviously better to do it by increasing subsidies on basic foodstuffs and other sheer necessaries than by following the wholesale distributors' curious prescription of cutting purchase tax. There are, we agree, some articles, belonging to the range of real necessaries, on which purchase tax ought not to be charged; but the effect of any general slashing of purchase tax would be to increase demand for types of goods of which the supply cannot be easily increased, mainly for the benefit of purchasers who can better afford to do without than the main body of consumers can afford higher prices for the sheer necessaries of life. If the Chancellor is going to do anything to reduce the cost of living by remitting taxation, he should do it by raising the ceiling on subsidies and not by making a present to purchasers of semi-luxury goods.

It would indeed be a remarkable outcome if the Chancellor's demand on industry and trade for voluntary price-restrictions were allowed to be turned into a demand from industry and trade for reduced taxation. Nobody supposes that manufacturers can avoid passing on to their customers some part of large advances in the prices of their materials, especially when the cost of materials forms a large element in total cost. What Sir Stafford did ask of industry and trade was that they should reduce their *margins*, either by cutting costs or by refraining from increasing the amount of the margin by automatic percentages based on higher material prices. This latter point applies particularly, though not exclusively, to dealers, who in many cases simply clap on an extra charge of their own corresponding to any increase in the prices at which they buy—under present conditions a wholly vicious and indefensible procedure. The case of the manufacturers is much more difficult to deal with. At present, with virtually no competition and a good deal of obsolescent production equipment, the cost-spread between the best and the worst firms is abnormally wide; and the effect, with standardised prices, is to present the better-equipped firms with abnormally large profits. This indeed is at the root of the tendency towards profit-inflation which is so marked in many industries; and it is not at all easy to prevent. Cost-pooling is impracticable and inconsistent with the maintenance of incentive under private ownership; and there remains only the expedient of taxing away a higher proportion of surplus profits and perhaps of controlling the investment of reserves and of limiting distributions of dividend.

On this issue of costs and margins the F.B.I.'s reply to the Chancellor is most unsatisfactory, for it consists of exemplary generalisations qualified by immense exceptions and a significant absence of any positive proposals for getting anything done. It is difficult to believe that if the matter is left to voluntary action by the firms and trade associations which the F.B.I. and its associates represent, but do not control, any appreciable result will be secured. Certainly there will be none that will induce the workers to allow their trade unions to acquiesce in giving up their claims for improved wages and conditions. In order to achieve this, there must be positive and plainly visible action to tax profits, if not to restrict them within reasonable limits; and especially there must be action to limit the amounts distributed as dividends to shareholders. This latter restriction is also desirable on pure economic grounds. At present a very large part of the excessive purchasing power that is alleged to be chasing "too few goods" consists of money which is really needed for bringing production equipment up to date, but cannot be spent because the equipment cannot be supplied. If the equipment could be got, this money would disappear in the twinkling of an eye; indeed, it would be too little, at present prices, to buy what is wanted. It exists, as pent-up purchasing power, because total production of capital goods has to be restricted in order to "save" on imports, because much of what can be produced has to be exported to pay for current supplies, and because there are no dollars available for buying any except the most urgently needed equipment in the United States. The vision, so often conjured up by economists, of a mass of surplus purchasing power in the hands of the general run of consumers is a false vision: the so-called surplus money consists for the most part of business reserves needed for capital re-equipment.

This has a bearing on the suggestion that the surplus money should be drained off by means of a capital levy. If it were, the immediate effect on the market would be small; for most of this money is not in fact on the market. It cannot be, because the goods its owners want simply are not there to buy. The effect of a capital levy would be quite different, and by no means immediate. It would hit mainly the ability of private industry to re-equip itself out of reserves when supplies of capital goods are again to be had, and would mean either that firms in need of expensive re-equipment would have to raise new capital by issuing shares or bonds or that the State would have to take over the provision of capital—or, much more probably, a bit of both. This is no case against a capital levy; but it does mean that the case for it is mainly political and tactical and that it would not have much immediate "disinflationary" effect, except in a purely psychological sense.

In sum, then, the Chancellor's problem is this. In order to have a hope of checking wage demands, or a fair claim to do so, he must make a visible hit at excessive profit-taking. At the same time, he must not only refrain from destroying incentives, but must also seek to provide new ones where they are most needed. The best incentives he could give would be to allow married women who work a basic sum—say £100 of earnings—free of tax, and so to modify P.A.Y.E. as to lessen its adverse effect on the willingness to work overtime or to go all out for higher piecework earnings. With these incentive-makers he could couple a higher ceiling for subsidies on real necessaries, a control over dividend distribution, and a tax on profits at a steeper level, and also perhaps some control over the investment of business reserves. At the same time, in his other capacity as Economic Minister, he could get down to chasing inefficiency a bit harder, in the hope of narrowing the gap, which he cannot hope to close, between high-cost and low-cost producers and distributors.

PRAGUE, 1948

I.—THE FEBRUARY REVOLUTION

IT was on Sunday morning that we drove out to Larny, a cloudless day with a nip in the air. When we parked the car outside the wall of the little village graveyard which looks across to the bleak slag-heaps of a coalmine, there was already a long queue shuffling down the path to Jan Masaryk's grave, as patient and forlorn as the million who had thronged below the Pantheon on the day before. Though their thoughts and passions are tragically divided, the Czech people were at least united in sorrow and stupefaction at the death of Masaryk. We laid our wreaths and went into the chapel to sign our names. There on the opposite page, clear and strong, was Jan Masaryk's signature. He had visited his father's grave, alone, and stood there for one hour, just two days before he killed himself.

What had he thought? The question hung in my mind during the endless interviews and conversations of the next three days. The answer to it might solve the riddle of this tortuous crisis which is already being overlaid with anxious rationalisations and exculpations. Jan Masaryk was at the centre of it. By what he did and said, he confirmed the Communists in power. By his death, he robbed them of the legitimation of his father's name. Why did he change his mind?

A revolution of this sort always looks neater and more rational in history books than in the confused stream of actual events. In Communist history, the February revolution will be remembered as a brilliant defence of the State against a reactionary conspiracy, encouraged, if not actually instigated, by the American Embassy. As a result of Gottwald's statesmanship, and the spontaneous revolutionary action of the working class, civil war was averted, the Republic saved.

The democratic version is somewhat different—that an ill-prepared and tactically inept attempt was made by the Right-wing parties to forestall a carefully prepared Communist *coup d'état* before the elections; that the Communists seized the opportunity afforded by the resignation of the Ministers to fill the vacant posts with stooges; that they engineered mass action to liquidate Parliamentary democracy, with the result that suddenly the Czechoslovak State machine switched from democratic into Communist gear and from the easy rhythm of law and order into the roaring speed of a one-party State.

Both versions are over-simplifications. Those who assert that the Communists were planning a *coup d'état* anyway and merely advanced the date owing to the Cabinet crisis, probably overestimate Communist foresight and planning. They were certainly anxious about the elections, and furious with the Right-wing parties in the Coalition for the growing obstructiveness of their attitude to the nationalisation programme to which they all were pledged. But the Communists had no need of a *coup d'état*, since power was already substantially in their hands. What probably happened was that they were caught unawares by the Ministerial crisis, and the violence of their reaction was a measure of its unexpectedness. Their success was due, I believe, less to elaborate plans than to brilliant improvisation of revolutionary tactics. They were as surprised as their opponents by the speed and completeness of their victory.

On the other hand, the Communist story of a reactionary conspiracy for the purpose of swinging Czechoslovakia into the Western Bloc is palpably absurd. There was plenty of outspoken anti-Communism in the Right-wing press, and even more violent anti-Communist talk in military, business and academic circles. But no one of any party doubted for a moment that Czecho-

slovak friendship with Russia must remain the cornerstone of foreign policy. The attack on Communism was on domestic issues. The nationalisation programme, to which all parties agreed, is much more drastic than our own in Britain, and there is no arrangement yet for compensation. The drying up of Unrra supplies and the catastrophic drought last summer have produced an acute food crisis which is likely to get much worse. Naturally, there was widespread popular discontent which tended to work against the Communists because they are the opponents of accepting Marshall aid. The Right-wing parties exploited this grumbling for electoral purposes, but there is no reason to believe that any of them seriously considered the possibility of even excluding the Communists from the Coalition. How could they do so, with the Communists in absolute control of the police, and backed by the working-class movement?

The aim of the Czech Socialist Party, which is now accused of leading the conspiracy, was very modest; they wanted to score a tactical victory by making Gottwald concede on a single minor issue—the appointment of eight police officials in Prague. In this way they hoped, with the help of the Social Democrats, to show the Communists that any hanky-panky before the election was ruled out. The Social Democrats, though the smallest party, were in a key position, balancing between the Communists and the Right. If their Ministers resigned, along with those of the three Right-wing parties, it was reckoned that Masaryk would also follow suit. Then the President could legitimately refuse to accept the resignations, and Gottwald might have to sacrifice his Minister of the Interior.

This was the plan. It may have been inept, but it was not a conspiracy to overthrow the State. It misfired because the Czech Socialists made two mistakes. In the first place, they hoped to win a Cabinet intrigue against an opponent who not only held the real power, but was only too ready to use it ruthlessly at the first sign of danger. In the second place, it was a tragic miscalculation to bank on the Social Democrats. True, the Right at the Brno Conference had defeated Fierlinger by sixty to forty and voted Laushman—an unstable careerist—into the chair. But the Social Democrats are a weak, middle-class party. Once they saw that organised labour was behind Gottwald, the Right Wing, which had made brave speeches at Brno, ran for cover in the Communist Action Committees, while the Left Wing wrung its hands and said: "We told you that this would happen if you tried any tricks. It is you, by your irresponsibility, who have cost us our freedom."

Once the Socialists collapsed, everything was lost. Masaryk stayed on at the Foreign Office, Benes had to accept the twelve resignations, and Gottwald replaced them with twelve "reliable" men. A move designed to weaken the Communists resulted in their obtaining total power.

Within a few hours, Czechoslovakia was transformed from a parliamentary democracy into a workers' and peasants' State on the Eastern model. The Right-wing parties and the press were *gleichgeschaltet*. Action Committees sprang up in every city and village, and began a vast purge of "reactionaries." The workers' militia, established in 1945 to prevent sabotage by the Germans, paraded. In Prague, the Central Committee of the Trade Unions equipped it with five thousand new rifles from a government small arms factory. The secret police took quiet precautions against trouble in the army or air force, and the whole labour movement responded to the Prime Minister's appeal. Against this demonstration of Left solidarity, a few hundred students of Prague University were the only people who dared to make a public protest. In no other town could I learn of any form of organised counter-demonstration. According to politics and class, the Czech people accepted the February revolution either with proletarian enthusiasm or with the hypnotised *rigor* of a rabbit facing a stoat.

Revolution has its own momentum. Gottwald has driven the Parliamentary opposition underground, and so created the conditions for the conspiracy which he claims to have forestalled. There are plenty of very brave anti-Communists with experience of illegal resistance to provide him with justification for another turn of the screw. Immediately the main issue is whether to stage a Petkov trial or not. Both Nosek and Slansky, who, as Secretary of the Communist Party, is far the biggest man in the country today, assured me that they did not intend to do so. Only the Secretary of the Czech Socialist Party and some civil servants who supplied him with secret information are to be charged with espionage, and three officials of the American Embassy have been asked to leave the country. Will this really be all?

The February revolution was not a workers' rising against a reactionary regime. It was a coup undertaken by the unchallengeable masters of the State against a disorganised and rather incompetent opposition inside the Government. The big man used a hammer to knock out the little fellow who had clenched his fist in the course of an argument. Maybe in the present state of Europe, the delicate equilibrium on which democracy depends, could not have been sustained in Czechoslovakia. Maybe the Czech Socialist and Social Democratic leaders were inept and irresponsible. But the fact remains that, three weeks ago, Czechoslovakia was a country with civil liberties and Parliamentary institutions. To-day that is no longer true. When I said this to a young Communist he replied: "But it's such a small price to pay for a great leap forward to Socialism." Such a small price? That, I believe, was the question which Jan Masaryk pondered by his father's grave. By then, alas! the price had been paid, and he knew it was much too high.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

ITALIAN HORIZON

ON April 18th the political future of Italy will be decided. Or will it? Propaganda is in full swing, warning lights glitter, reflections from neighbouring countries suggest dire possibilities; but it would be an exceedingly bold prophet who traced a definite shadow of the coming event. Italian political life, with its hundred-odd different parties—as against sixty, two years ago—is in a state of unimaginable chaos and confusion: the elections, like most elections nowadays in dependent Europe, will be fought on issues which have little to do with the country chiefly concerned; and the winning party will have only the narrowest of majorities. These three points suggest that the elections may, in fact, settle very little; and, as a corollary, that some sort of coup might easily precede or follow them.

Against this, however, must be put, first, the remarkable way in which the electoral "restraint" agreed upon by the parties has so far, with few exceptions, been kept. Secondly, the Czechoslovak coup has, in spite of its justifications by Nenni and Togliatti, thrown an ugly light upon the Social-Communist bloc. And thirdly, though it is perhaps outside the realm of pure politics, one cannot altogether discount the effect of an exceptionally mild winter and an early and radiant spring. Whether for one or all of these reasons, tempers are certainly much calmer, at the moment, than they were at a month's distance from the last elections. But feelings may run deeper, and there is certainly no apathy.

One may cautiously discern some changes in Italian opinion during the past two years. The most obvious and certain is the heavily increased unpopularity of British and Americans. Partly this is due, no doubt, to a long process of disillusionment about the "liberators" and the glowing promises they brought. But in the case of Britain, it is upon the question of the Italian colonies that indignation chiefly rests. We may be right or wrong about this, and we may have to keep promises made to the Senussi (an unpleasant people when last I saw them); but there can be little doubt that the Mogadishu massacre, a burning question in Italy still, was treated by the British Government and Press—as *The Times* pointed out eventually—with marked delay and lack of sympathy. Again, letters in *The Times*, such as that signed by Mrs. Corbett Ashby, Miss Pankhurst, and others, expressing the hope that Italy may never again have her former colonies, make splendid anti-British propaganda here. Rightly or wrongly, Italy feels that the African colonies were better administered by her than they are to-day—and some of the English in Africa share that feeling—and that Britain's aims are frankly imperialistic. And Russia, of course, has adroitly backed the Italian claim.

It is much more difficult to explain the unpopularity of America. Here one is almost tempted to believe in a boomerang of too many favours received. Certainly there is a growing tendency among Italians, backed, no doubt, by Communist propaganda, to say loudly that Italy should cease to be America's beggar. At the same time, paradoxically, few Italians are aware of the really staggering amounts of food, coal and materials brought into Italy by Unrra and Ausa; either the publicity side of that venture has been exceedingly badly handled, or the credit has been written off by the constant Left-wing accusation that America is getting a fat *quid pro quo* which the Government will not divulge. In any case, there is precious little gratitude; and in the Italian countryside almost no recognition or even knowledge of American aid. There are now in Italy some two million tons of unusable (because Italian industry is working far below capacity) American coal which is finding its way into the black market; other supplies have doubtless gone the same way.

What Anglo-America loses, Russia gains. But it is extraordinarily difficult to measure the Italian attitude towards Russia. The long anti-Bolshevik propaganda of Fascism leaves a mark: Czechoslovakia leaves a mark. Against those, however, there is the strong feeling that things have been and are about as bad as they can be under Anglo-American influence, and that it is time to try something different. Moreover, there is, I think (and I make this generalisation with some diffidence) a definite move towards Russia and Communism among the contadini. The Italian contadino has for ten years had a whale of a time with soaring agricultural prices; now, under the Einaudi deflationary policy, he has felt the pinch more than most: agricultural commodities have dropped by 40 per cent., but the drop has not been reflected—or at least was only reflected for a very short time—in the retail market. At the same time taxes have been enormously increased. Italian landlords are not saints, but even if they were, land taxes at the moment almost defeat land improvement. So "the land to the contadini" is a slogan which gets a ready response.

The contadino is a primitive and secretive fellow, and, with the right sort of propaganda at the right moment, there is no telling which way he may turn. He may regard the individual priest with disfavour, but the Church still has a pull. He may flirt with the idea of owning his land, but he is also aware that under the system of mezzadria he does not do too badly—and the landlord pays his taxes. With the young contadino, however, you may repeat, and I have done it, the same conversation all over the country. First he will tell you that he is "a slave." Why? Because he has to work at all times of day and the landlord takes half his produce. This, of course, is propaganda imbibed at his village "Casa del Popolo," or Communist club; and at the end of it all, when you ask what he would like best of all, the answer is always the same—go to America! But, you may say, aren't you a Communist? Oh, yes, he will answer, but one doesn't *go* to Russia.

Most of the villages I know, in Tuscany at least, are through and through Communist; but there are some odd exceptions. One I found overwhelmingly Christian Democratic; and when I inquired into the reason for this unusual state of affairs, it was revealed to me that the village was the proud birthplace of one of Italy's champion cyclists, who was a follower of de Gasperi; so the village followed him. In another, two leading young Communists had each won a million lire in a football pool and had ceased to be Communists, taking some admirers with them. It takes, as I have said, very little propaganda to turn the scale.

The Doxa (statistical) Institute of Milan has recently published a Gallup poll forecast of the elections. It is a fairly comprehensive document, based on a 100 per cent. vote and also on the (it seems to me) unprovable suggestion that the women of Italy will lean heavily to the Right. Tables of votes are given by age, sex, work-group, geographical position, town and country, and so on. In the absence of any ability of mine to prophesy, I give its results for what they may be worth. 36 per cent. of votes are awarded to the Christian Democrats, 13 per cent. to the Left Centre (Republicans and Socialists), 14 per cent. to the Right groups (Liberals, Uomo Qualunque, Monarchists, National Bloc, M.S.I., etc.), and 25 per cent. to the Popular Front (Socialists and Communists). I cannot help feeling that such a forecast as this savours of rosy Rightist wish-fulfilment. Certainly there is a general feeling in Italy—and I am told that many wealthy Italians are already making tracks for Swiss security—that the Popular Front will poll nothing less than 40 per cent. Should that happen, and should Togliatti be called upon to form a Government, with the help of a number of small groups climbing off the fence on the success side, the question arises as to whether the formation of such a Government would be permitted without something approaching a civil war.

That question certainly exercises the minds of Italian politicians, especially among the independent Socialists, who, perhaps, feel a certain fear of having sold the pass. It is, of course, idle to speculate how far force, once adopted, might go: guesses can be, and are, made about the number of arms available to Left and Right, and the amount and kind of foreign interference; nobody knows the answer. In the present state of Europe all things are possible: there are many Italians who are not particularly inclined to accept democratic solutions by small majorities; and there are more, I would guess, than there were two years ago, who would be easily persuaded to fight their way towards, *faute de mieux*, something near Fascism. It may be a simple and specious argument that Italy, at any rate up to 1935, was better off under Fascism than she is now; but in the light of Russian ruthlessness and American paternalism Mussolini's crimes fade, and his glories are remembered.

All this adds up to a rather dim and dull view of the Italian scene, but the horizon is too misty to allow anything else. There is really only one thing which can, and perhaps should, be said with emphasis. Italy—let us leave her crimes out of count—is in much the same state of resentment as when Orlando left Versailles: what she wants is equal treatment and self-respect. No one man in Italy, much less one internal policy, arouses great enthusiasm: the deciding factor in the elections will almost certainly come from outside. And that deciding factor seems to be whether Italy will or will not be a free and equal member of a Western Union. At present the huddle of Britain and France and Benelux up there in Belgium seems pointedly to exclude her: so, at any rate, it is felt in Italy. I am not so stupid as to suppose that that consideration is absent from the minds of politicians: but the Mogadishu affair does suggest that we treat Italy with scant attention. If we persist in that attitude, it seems likely that the iron curtain will move to Ventimiglia before many months are passed.

LIONEL FIELDEN

A LONDON DIARY

THE most sensible Communist retort to Mr. Attlee's security purge came, I thought, from J. B. S. Haldane. He said he was doing important Government research; if the Government liked to manage without him, they could. As a Communist, he did not talk about principles of liberty or democracy being outraged by the purge of people with a dual loyalty from key positions that would be vital in time of war. He merely said that the Communist Party here received no instructions from Moscow—presumably it follows a line given by Moscow Radio—and that the people whose politics were directly dictated by an outside Power were Roman Catholics. This is true; Catholics, like Communists, have a dual loyalty, and they hold far more key posts than Communists. But after agreeing that in a war with Russia Communists would be fifth columnists if they were logical (which probably few would be), I add that to pass over the right to purge the Civil Service to MI5 without any right of appeal is both dangerous and unwise. It would be intelligible if we were on the brink of war with Russia, which I don't think we are, and it seems only to be explicable on the ground of panic in high quarters. It is a thick chunk of the thin end of a police state wedge. Ashley Bramall hit the nail on the head when he asked if the purge would be carried out by people who could differentiate between Communists and Socialists. Past experience of MI5, as the *Manchester Guardian* points out, suggests it would be administered by people lacking any of the necessary "intelligence or fair-mindedness." MI5 found it difficult in the last war to pay attention to Fascists because they had always been trained to watch Communists. If given their heads now these custodians of our liberties will readily start the kind of witch-hunt which has recently disgraced American public life. We shall have the "informer" and a secret police. It won't be long before Labour Ministers will find their own pasts raked over, to the delight of newspapers which always declared that Socialism and Communism are the same thing. Before Labour came to power, Mr. Churchill declared that a Labour Government would mean a Gestapo. He can now say, "I told you so," if he wishes. But I don't think he will.

* * *

Real bad luck has attended Papal efforts to intervene in the Italian elections. At the moment when His Holiness was announcing "eternal damnation" for all Italians who failed to turn out on April 18 and vote against the Popular Front, the civil police in Rome were arresting a member of the Pope's Secretariat, by name Edoardo Cippico, who was charged with appropriating 175,000 dollars' worth of jewels which, it is alleged, had been handed over to him in return for the promise of a corresponding dollar credit in New York. The Vatican has notoriously for a long time been converting its dollar revenue into lire at rates, for large transactions, even higher than those ruling in the black market in Rome. But "free" exchange dealings are one thing, and embezzlement another. Cippico, who appears to have combined his duties in the Vatican with financing the Ocean Film Company and *Mattino di Roma*, a Qualunquist newspaper, was promptly unfrocked and excommunicated. But worse was to come. An Italian industrialist, Alessandro Rossini, next went to the police and complained that he had turned over to the Properties Office of the Holy See the sum of 400 million lire—presumably to procure dollars. The lire had passed into the hands of Monsignor Giulio Guidetti, the Vatican Administrator. Where were they now? This alleged implication of the Vatican's financial institutions—whose management includes the three Pacelli princes, nephews of Pope Pius—has resulted in the Cippico scandal becoming a first-rate sensation in the Italian press; and Guidetti has been disavowed with equal promptitude. His "connection" with Cippico's doings has been admitted by the Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, and he has been placed under house arrest. The moral would seem to be that even when a black market in currency is run under the highest spiritual auspices, it pays to ensure that agents don't have sticky fingers.

* * *

"P.M." stands for "post-mortem," and the verdict on that once-hopeful adventure in American journalism, the New York *P.M.*, will be that it died of good intentions. It is a tragedy because America now has barely a handful of progressive papers, weekly or daily, for its 130,000,000 population. Marshall Field, the department store millionaire, has decided to cut his losses on his very unprofitable newspaper properties. We have already seen the merger of the *Chicago Sun*, which was his challenge to the reactionary McCormick press, with the *Chicago Times*. I know that for a long time he had been trying to find a way of retaining the liberal tradition of *P.M.* by some merger which would reduce losses which have cost him a considerable fraction of his considerable fortune. When these failed, the alternative was a business deal, which the Guild, the newspaper union, has rejected. It involved a colourful character from San Fernando Valley (Cal.), Clinton D. McKinnon, who wanted to muscle-in on "big-time" publishing with a fortune made by methods which were just the reverse of *P.M.* That newspaper was unique in refusing all advertising and relying on sales; McKinnon gave his papers away gratis and relied on advertising. His shopping "throwaway," the San Fernando *Times*, had a free circulation of 62,000, with 40 pages of purely parochial news and local advertising, including 12 solid pages of small ads. He cashed-in on the same principle when the San Diego shipyards and aircraft factories brought in the swarms of war workers. He accepted national advertising, turned the workers themselves into his columnists and made the fortune with which he tried to buy *P.M.* The purchase was conditional on the Guild agreeing to modify all contracts and give him unrestricted powers to dismiss. The Guild refused, and *P.M.* will close on Good Friday.

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Gerald Barry has exchanged the turmoil and conflicts of Fleet Street for an interesting job which, in theory at least, should involve no politics. 1848 was the year of revolutions; 1849 the year of reaction. 1851 was supposed to herald the reign of universal peace. 1948 follows the pattern. Whether revolution or counter-revolution succeeds in 1949 is anybody's guess; we shall be lucky indeed if 1951 is more true to the promise of peace than 1851. These historical speculations, however, need not worry Mr. Barry. He has to build a staff and an organisation and to plan, with the help of various bodies and Government departments, a 1951 Festival which will do us cultural and economic credit. He will be overwhelmed with suggestions. He is unlikely to build another Crystal Palace, but, like the *Observer*, I hope that London may be the gainer by a first-class concert hall. This is merely the most urgent of innumerable similar needs. I propose that the kindest tribute to Prince Albert's memory would be ceremoniously to remove the Albert Memorial.

* * *

The pitfalls that surround the most ardent well-wisher of the U.S.S.R. are many. When the Russian grain ship was berthed in London last month the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. rightly decided that the occasion demanded a good-will gesture. A party was assembled to visit the ship and welcome the sailors to England. After a series of mishaps and unfortunate rebuffs, caused by the sailors not knowing their visitors were coming, the party got on board and amity flourished. Before the visit much anxious thought had been given to the choice of a present to be made to the ship's company to mark the event. Finally it was considered that a suitable symbol of modern British culture to be conveyed to Russia would be a selection of records from Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes*. The

selection was made the more happy by the fact that the writer of the opera's libretto is on the S.C.R.'s Executive Committee. With natural pride in the felicity of their choice the party made their presentation to the appreciative crew and went home fortified by the consciousness of a good day's work done for Anglo-Soviet friendship. Away sailed the ship and a fortnight later the distressed members of the S.C.R. learnt that the General Secretary of the Soviet Composers' Union had just called Britten's work, over the Moscow radio, a collection of savage dissonances and had declared that it heralded a return to primitive barbarism and glorified the basest instincts.

CRITIC

MASARYK

PRAGUE wept. With black-draped streets, with slow bells tolling,
With flags half-mast,
With booming guns and war-drums' muffled rolling,
So Masaryk passed.
His age passed with him, and to both they gave
Death, and a grave.

Old democrats, defeatist and defeated,
Paced by his side,
The Old Guard of Czech freedom, who retreated
Before the tide.
The new and old above his burial place
Met face to face.

A martyred man mourned by a murdered nation
To Western eyes,
His self-sought end a final declaration
Past compromise
His people wept. The tide he could not stem
Rolls over them.

Could he have stemmed the tide had he been bolder?
Armed to resist?
No, Schweik, his countryman, the good Czech soldier
Was Communist,
Nor did the guard of honour round his bier
Hold freedom dear.

What slew him? treachery or masked aggression?
The peoples' will?
His adversary leads the black procession
For good or ill.
He, silent, passed. With faces shut and grim
They followed him.

Him followed dead they would not follow living,
With tribute due,
And even as they mourned, to others giving
Allegiance new.
There freedom sleeps with father and with son.
The tide flows on.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Entertainments Committee. "Failing sufficient volunteers the volunteers from each section will have to be detailed to attend meetings.—*Station Routine Orders, R.A.F.* (C. Stokes.)

When Sergt. Leslie F. Mills, R.A.F., was fined £2 for travelling on the railway without paying his fare he produced a warrant which had already been used for a previous journey.

A railway official said that when asked to explain previous clip marks on the warrant defendant said: "Moths."—*Herts and Essex Observer.* (Mrs. W. Turner.)

My little boy (aged seven) has a passion for dogs, and swears that when he is a man he will have ten sons; that he will give each of them a dog; and that they shall all—dogs and sons—sleep in hammocks.

It seems to me it will be very uncomfortable for his wife. Can I do anything to correct this tendency?—Letter in *People.* (C. S. Roberts.)

The sale of newspapers by a boy or girl can lay the foundations of business in their minds, which cannot fail to be of use in later life.—*Leicester Evening Mail.* (G. Brownless.)

The Commissioner said that according to Mr. Mead, he once threatened suicide unless his wife discontinued certain conduct, whereupon she put a pillow into the gas-oven, turned on the taps, and told him to get on with it.—*News of the World.* (Mr. E. Wright.)

FASCISM IN HYDERABAD

His Exalted Highness The Nizam of Hyderabad (to give him the shortest form of a title whose full length takes several lines to print, apart from further embellishments denoting majesty and dignity) rules irresponsibly over some 17,000,000 people, of whom about thirteen per cent. are Muslims and the rest Hindus. The towns, including Hyderabad itself, compare well in amenities and administration with other Indian cities. The Muslim police especially seem efficient; one of the daily sights of the town is to see them clear the streets of all foot-passengers and cars to make way when His Exalted Highness passes in an old and shabby car. For the Nizam, reputed to be the richest man in the world and able at any moment to knock the bottom out of the precious stone market by offering his diamonds and rubies for sale, is parsimonious to the verge of eccentricity. His administration is entirely in the hands of Muslims. The six Hindus in the Cabinet are hand-picked, and the Hindu 50 per cent. in Parliament are powerless members of a purely decorative body. The Nizam himself is the last remnant of the Great Moghuls who ruled India 300 years ago. He is in fact the lineal descendant of the Moghul Viceroys. His Dominion, as he likes to call it, is the greatest of the States and stretches nearly, but not quite, across the whole width of Southern India It has no outlets to the sea, though it attempted to attain one when the British ruled, and renewed the attempt in the last few months. It is a rich State in which no one pays income tax, and in which the cultivators, oppressed as they are by levies and rents, are less poor than in many parts of India proper. The Muslims own their share of land and property, though a great majority of them draw their wealth not from land, trade or industry, but simply as paid servants of the State in the civil service, army or police. Their rule is completely autocratic.

Like other Princes, the Nizam has been maintained in his full dignity and power by a treaty made with the British some 150 years ago. When the British left India last summer, most of the Princes quickly acceded to India or Pakistan. Since then, Sardar Patel has been astonishingly successful in arranging for the fusion of the States into new provinces or for their accession to India. Only the cases of Kashmir, which has now become an international issue, and Hyderabad, which may be in the long run equally important, still remain troublesome. A few days' visit to Hyderabad—which included conversations with the leading Ministers, with Hindu leaders and with cultivators in villages—was sufficient to reveal to me the complexity of the problem that confronts Mr. Patel.

With the departure of the British and the growth of nationalist and democratic feeling amongst Indians, the anomaly of Hyderabad could not in any case long survive. Nobody believes that the Nizam can permanently maintain the complete independence which he desires. Negotiations last year ended in a standstill agreement which, for a period of 12 months ending next November, continues the position that existed under English rule. That is to say, on the three vital subjects of defence, foreign affairs and communications, Hyderabad remains, in practice, subject to New Delhi. That at the end of the 12 months the Nizam should be in a position to build up whatever army he wishes, send ambassadors to represent him abroad and put up tariffs against the rest of India, is clearly impossible.

On the face of it, India appears to have many methods of pressure. Diplomatically Sir Walter Monckton has done his best to arrange an amicable settlement for his client, the Nizam. India has shown herself ready to acknowledge the special position of Hyderabad among the States and, given accession and practical surrender of the three vital subjects, it is prepared to guarantee the future to the Nizam's dynasty. If the Nizam remains recalcitrant, India could quickly bring Hyderabad to heel by economic pressure and perhaps crush the various disruptive forces within the Nizam's Dominion. For Hyderabad contains three main language groups; and schemes are actively promulgated for the creation of three new provinces which would amalgamate the Telegu-speaking people of Hyderabad with those who speak the same tongue in Madras, the Mahratta-speaking people with their kinsmen in the Central Provinces and Bombay, and the Kanarese in a new province built partly from Hyderabad and partly from Bombay. The most important disruptive element, however, is the Communist pressure from Madras. Communist enthusiasts make deep raids into Hyderabad territory, carry on propaganda and often loot wealthy citizens before they return to the Madras Presidency.

It would seem at first sight that the Nizam would yield quickly in what is clearly an indefensible position. If India decides to encourage, instead of discouraging, the activities of the States' Congress Party in Hyderabad and the various groups of Communists, Socialists and others over the frontier, the State will disintegrate even without economic or military pressure from India. Why, then, does the Nizam not accept the very favourable terms offered him by Mr. Patel? Partly because he is an astute and shifty politician who desires to give up no shred or trimming of sovereignty. By playing for time he may hope, especially if the Kashmir issue is not speedily and peacefully settled, to improve his bargaining position and avoid accession or even constitutional reform. More important, however, is the fact that he is surrounded by a body of fanatical Muslims who would probably murder him if he agreed to accession.

The most powerful man in Hyderabad to-day is not the Nizam, but Kazim Razvi, the leader of the formidable Ittehad-ul-Mussulman. This is already a body of some 200,000 able-bodied Muslims—I accept the figure given me—armed and ready to fight with any who threaten their power in Hyderabad. After talking to Kazim Razvi and to the principal Ministers, I have no doubt that it is the unofficial Ittehad, rather than the comparatively small and ill-armed Hyderabad army, which is in control of the situation. I talked to Kazim Razvi in his home. He is a bearded Muslim, I think in the early forties, with the look of a fanatic. He began by saying that English people could seldom understand the situation in India or Hyderabad, where the conditions of democracy did not exist. Any concession, let alone accession, to India would mean the loss of Muslim power in Hyderabad and the destruction of the Muslim community there. Since Muslim ascendancy had no economic basis, to deprive Muslims of their political power would mean their complete liquidation and probable starvation. Therefore, he and his followers were not interested in any democratic theory, but simply determined to maintain their power by any means that was necessary. Given a settlement with India which confirmed Muslim domination, he would agree to some constitutional reform which would give Hindus within Hyderabad more representation. As it was, attacks by various groups, including the Communists, had destroyed the ancient communal peace of Hyderabad and compelled him to use his organisation to guarantee the security of the Muslims. He agreed that looting and murder were proceeding on a large scale in the State, but declared that

such incidents were always started by Hindus, and that only in two or three instances had his followers retaliated in kind. He challenged me to investigate incidents in the countryside for myself. His object, he said, since it was impossible to safeguard the Muslims scattered throughout the 24,000 villages of Hyderabad, was to gather the Muslims together under Ittehad-ul-Mussulman protection. He said that the Hindus had up-to-date arms and that his organisation had seldom better weapons than lathis. He denied that he wished for any special alliance with Pakistan, and declared that, if Hyderabad maintained its independence, it would not menace the frontiers of India.

I took up Kazim Razvi's challenge and found no confirmation of anything he said. His own speeches, which rouse in Muslim audiences a fanatical response not unlike the Nazi response to Hitler, gave the lie to his pacific tone when talking to me. Such evidence as I could obtain shows that bands of Ittehad-ul-Mussulman volunteers loot and terrorize the countryside to their hearts' content. I followed Kazim Razvi's advice and visited an area where incidents were reported. Some 25 miles out of Hyderabad I found a typical Indian village of about 1,000 persons which had been twice visited by armed Muslim raiders in recent weeks. One man shot in the leg was in hospital. Conversations with the villagers made it clear that women and children now shut themselves up at home at night, while the braver among the men spend the night on the top of an ancient watch-tower armed with a few muzzle-loading firearms. Because they were so armed, they succeeded in driving away the raiders on both occasions without serious loss. But an official from a neighbouring village confirmed their statement that other villages around had been less successful; and all of them agreed that, if the new police order that they surrender their weapons were carried out, they would be doomed and helpless. Already some of them had left the village. The rest in that case would follow. Other evidence shows that the depredations of the Ittehad-ul-Mussulman are carried on widely through the State, and that Communist activity on the Madras frontier is welcomed by many villages because the Communists offer the only protection against Razvi's marauding bands.

It will be seen that Hyderabad is a Fascist State where civil liberty is hard to find. I inquired on my arrival whether there was a press censorship, but was told that there was not. There had been a system of voluntary censorship by the press itself, which undertook not to print matter likely to increase communal feeling—that is, of course, not to print matter favourable to the Hindus and distasteful to the Muslims—but that it lapsed, and I was shown the local papers to prove that criticism was permitted. The *Deccan Chronicle*, in particular, wrote vigorously against the Ittehad-ul-Mussulman and even reported recent cases in which the Muslim police, which does not take action against the Ittehad-ul-Mussulman, had itself been caught red-handed in acts of loot and violence. Here, it seemed, was an outlet for criticism. Unfortunately, the next day the *Deccan Chronicle* and three other papers printed a Government statement that, as they had disregarded warnings and continued to print news which was inimical to good communal relations, in future all their matter must be submitted to the censor before it was printed. Two other newspapers have recently been suppressed on similar grounds. The leaders of Congress are in jail; but I would not press this as an infringement of civil liberty since, following their non-violence disobedience tactics, Congress courted jail as it did in the days of the British.

It will be seen that Mr. Patel has a very pretty problem in front of him. I doubt if diplomacy can succeed, since I believe the Ittehad-ul-Mussulman to be more powerful than the Nizam and his Government. It is impossible both on grounds of security and unity for India to permit this large State under a hostile government to cut right across the territory of Southern India. At present, India has no right to enter Hyderabad with military force, and the present Indian Government would hesitate before applying economic pressure. A realist might urge that, instead of discouraging pressure from the Communist-Socialist elements and the State Congress, Delhi should turn a blind, if not a favourable, eye upon all such activities, legal or illegal. The difficulty here is that Mr. Patel is hostile to Communists and is as afraid of their growing strength in Southern India as the Nizam himself. Proposals that India should aid the Nizam to suppress Communism on the Madras frontier are obviously misguided, if only because the Nizam would not and could not carry out his part of the bargain and suppress the Ittehad-ul-Mussulman.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

CHAMPAGNE FOR HOLLYWOOD

WHEN Hollywood celebrates a film agreement with champagne, it is not unreasonable for the British film industry to look for the sting in it. At first sight, the new agreement is a good one. The 75 per cent. tax has not so far made deep inroads into dollar remittances to the U.S.A. Re-issues of old films this year have already earned nearly £3 million for Hollywood. No new films were crossing the Atlantic, and a number of British cinemas were closing down for lack of fresh material. By the agreement the dollar loss will be limited to £4¼ millions a year for a two-year period, although there will be no restrictions on the numbers of films to be imported. The bargain the British public has made is to get nearly £15 millions' worth of films at about a third of the cost in dollars. And, as Mr. Wilson has pointed out, this is as much a saving as an expenditure, because from now on earnings from re-issues, which could not be covered by the tax, will be included in the total of dollars to go to Hollywood.

As an inducement to America to take more British films, an amount equivalent to the earnings of British pictures in the U.S.A. (last year it was £1 million) can be taken out of Britain in addition to the £4¼ millions. By this clause Britain realistically surrenders hope of her film industry being a dollar earner in the next four years, and, instead, buys valuable goodwill for the future.

But the mystery of the agreement is why we allowed Hollywood to take so much, and why we have given her such advantageous terms in using unremitted sterling to compete, in the production of films in this country, with the British industry. The tax was designed to cut American film earnings by three-quarters, but the agreement cuts them by only two-thirds. Yet, according to Mr. Johnston, the representative of the American Motion Picture Association, Hollywood did not object to the amount lost by the tax so much as to the tax itself. So long as the tax remained it was a dangerous precedent which other countries might be tempted to follow, and Hollywood refused to recognise it. But they did recognise the precarious dollar situation in this country and, for the survival of Hollywood, it was vital to get the flow of new films to England started again. If Mr. Wilson had stuck at £3 millions, Hollywood would still have made a profit of £4 millions (with the addition of British earnings in the U.S.A.), and there seems little doubt that they would have given way in the absence of positive backing from the U.S. Government.

The real explanation for Mr. Johnson's "victory" is that Washington let it be known that, failing agreement, over 60 million dollars of U.S. films would be included in the list of commodities allocated to Britain under E.R.P. In these circumstances Mr. Wilson conducted a skilful retreat. Moreover, without an agreement, an increasing number of cinemas would have been closed, with a parallel decline in British film production denied a distribution outlet adequate to show a profit. Finally, cinema-going would have almost ceased and a far greater number of people would have been affected than those able to enjoy pleasure motoring.

The most obvious danger is the foothold allowed to Hollywood in England. The unremitted sterling earned here is not to be frozen or cancelled out, but to be used partly on approved commercial undertakings and partly on "film purposes." The latter, for which up to £5 millions will be available, covers any activity connected with film production. With the surplus capital at their command, American film companies can and will establish new British subsidiaries and expand their old ones. Any film made by these subsidiaries will count towards the exhibitors' quota and, if shown in America, will earn dollars that do not find their way back to Britain. Warners and M.-G.-M., strongly allied to A.B.C., will, for instance, be in the happy position of running their British studios on the proceeds of American films shown here, meeting the A.B.C. quota with them, and at the same time collecting dollars for the parent companies in America by the sale in the U.S.A. of the films made in England.

With the British film industry already desperate for capital to back production, the menace could not be more serious. An indication of the enforced slowing down of production has been, since the imposition of the tax, the dismissal of a quarter of the A.C.T. members, who are essential technicians of all kinds, employed in feature film studios. Now the swollen resources of American-sponsored British companies will enable them to bid higher for personnel, for film rights of books and to outdo their genuine British counterparts in every direction.

The chief sufferers are likely to be the independent producers. Rank and A.B.C., with their American tie-ups, naturally rejoice at the agreement. The independent, short of money to acquire studio-space and battling for screen time in British cinemas, looks like gaining little from the new Films Act unless the Government at once comes to the rescue.

The protection of the independents, and the rest of the British film industry, must be twofold. First, the quota, to be fixed later this year, must be put at 50 per cent. Broadly, enough films are required to operate three circuits in competition for the year, making 156 films in all. Seventy-eight of these can come from America, the remainder must be British. It would mean the ending of twice-weekly changes of programmes, but the film-goer cannot expect to escape all the consequences of dollar scarcity. Second, to enable genuine British companies to provide films for the quota, the Government must hasten their plans for a films bank or credit corporation, to finance independent producers, and others, if they need it. Only in that way can the British film industry stand up against the threatened American onslaught.

WOODROW WYATT

ONE BETTER THAN MAH-JONG

APPLIED economics in Kuomintang China are an exciting game; and, as with all games, an understanding of the elementary rules is advisable before trying to play. The rules can roughly be divided into two categories—general and local. First among the general rules, it is strictly forbidden to use or hold foreign exchange. (This rule may be ignored by the student, though a few elementary precautions such as two sets of account books are advisable). Next, all import and export trade is officially controlled; commodities are listed under a rigid quota system split into four schedules of essential, part-essential, non-essential and forbidden goods.

These quota controls constitute more or less the markings of the pitch. The scoring is done by the exchange value of Chinese National Currency against the U.S. dollar. There are three exchange rates—an official rate of C.N.C., 12,000 to the U.S. dollar (which does not concern

us at all here), a current market rate of C.N.C., 90,000, and a black market rate of C.N.C. 200,000 to the U.S. dollar. The current rate is made by the Central Bank of China and rises whenever the Central Bank feels that it has to assert its authority, which on the average is about twice a month. The black market rate fluctuates in response to four factors, three of which are constant and can be predicted with the same sort of accuracy as a bookie predicts the winner of the 3.30. They are: loose money, tight money and the economic police. For the benefit of beginners at this game a brief explanation is perhaps needed.

Loose money means that the Kuomintang Government, for reasons best known to itself, has had to print a lot more ten-thousand dollar notes and has put them into circulation by the paying of debts incurred in the little "incident" which is currently being fought in the greater part of China. Tight money means that the Government has for two days, perhaps, had no great expenditure. The economic police is a variant of the Gestapo in the Chinese manner, i.e., it knows a good thing when it sees one. The fourth factor is the unknown contingency: perhaps a rumour that the Reds have taken Hankow, perhaps an inside tip that the Government is now printing million-dollar notes, perhaps the arrest of some high-up in some bank that had better remain nameless, perhaps a rumour about another American loan.

The local rules consist of three maxims. (1) It is always good to have a friend in high places. (2) It is even better to give presents at appropriate times. (3) Money talks.

From the rules we pass to the finer points of the game. There are many variants, of course, but for the purposes of this little discourse I am going to stick to the standard approach. So, let us assume that you are an importer who is registered and has therefore been issued with his quarterly quota of 10,000 U.S. dollars for essential goods. The first step is to apply for an Import Licence. To do this properly you must fill up six long printed forms and send them, together with a supporting contract with a local dealer and a supporting offer from an overseas supplier, to the Licensing Department of the Export-Import Board.

This being an application for essential goods everything goes very smoothly. A friend in the Department might shorten the time required for issue, but the Licence is certain as the quota has been approved. With the Licence in hand you are allowed to open the Letter of Credit in favour of the supplier, the foreign exchange being furnished by the Chinese Government at the current market rate. As the observant reader will have noticed, the difference between the current market rate and the black market rate is over 100 per cent. Therefore, you are actually buying 10,000 U.S. dollars' worth of goods for less than 5,000 U.S. dollars. Naturally in Shanghai you will sell according to the black market rate. Any budding economist can calculate the profit for himself.

Just to give an indication of the subtleties with which this game may be played you can, if you so desire, increase the volume of goods being brought in under your Licence by asking your supplier to quote a lower price than is actually being paid and pay the difference in free funds. On the other hand, of course, you can get yourself a little free money very cheaply by asking your supplier to quote a higher price than he is actually charging you and then having the difference credited to your account.

Having mastered these comparatively easy steps of the game, the student can proceed to examine a few more intricate moves. For instance, if he desires to import unessential goods, such as whisky, cosmetics or motor cars, he will find, on examining the rules of the game which are printed monthly by the Central Bank, that these articles are not allowed to be imported at all. He will, therefore, get in touch with some friends of his living on the road between Canton and Hong-Kong. I am afraid that I cannot go into the exact procedure to be adopted in this case because, first of all, it varies with different peoples' friends and, secondly, the Central Government is apt to take a dim view of what it calls "smuggling." However, the method can be recommended, because a motor car costing 2,000 dollars in U.S. currency in New York, will sell for 6,000 dollars in Shanghai, and a bottle of whisky costing 3.50 dollars in London will fetch about 20 dollars here. Although overheads are high in these transactions, the profits can be called reasonable, according to the standards of this game.

Then there is the import of non-essential goods which are allowed to be imported, such as certain edible fats, and chemicals used in unessential industries. Here you also apply for a Licence, the procedure being the same as in the example already mentioned, except that the forms are different and your Licence gets rejected at least three times. It may stay rejected unless you remember the local rules of this game and give a suitable present to the suitable friend at the suitable time. This requires a certain amount of tact and skill and a thorough knowledge of Chinese conventions, manners, superstitions and language. So here it might be better if you were born Chinese. If you cannot manage this, you had better get yourself a Chinese partner. Moreover, the best pitch for this game is inside a Government agency. For Government agencies are allowed to import foodstuffs, the Government furnishing the foreign exchange at the rate of C.N.C. 12,000 to the U.S. dollar. This means that, as they sell the goods according to the black market rate, the profit is a modest 1,500 per cent.

If your talents lie exclusively towards export it would be better to avoid Kuomintang China while conditions remain as they are, because the Government requires you to surrender any foreign exchange you make by export; and, as they only give you the current rate of exchange you only get about 50 cents for every dollar, which even a Communist would recognise as very bad economics. You can, of course, try to work purely in Chinese currency but this is only for the very stout-hearted who can bear to see the depreciation of their bank balances. Here again the Government agencies occupy the best pitch, especially as they make their own rules. They print a few million dollars' worth of C.N.C. notes, with which they pay the Chinese producers and then they go and sell these exports either against good hard U.S. dollars or against other nation's goods such as Indian cotton or Burmese jute. The producers in China have been heard to call this procedure robbery, but I daresay this would be regarded by Mr. Bevin as "Communist agitation."

There are some players who recommend their private rules. They will furnish you, for instance, with very artistic home-made licence forms, or will recommend a Customs inspector who is willing to mistake 1,000 lb. of chemicals which you are importing for the 100 lb. which your licence allowed you to import. On the whole, this approach is not recommended to the beginner as the risk of penalties is too high. Several practitioners of this approach-line just recently were given a one-way ticket to the battlegrounds of Manchuria by the grateful Government, who naturally confiscated the goods involved and made a reasonable profit on the transaction.

In the limited scope of this discourse I have only been able to describe the bare outlines of the game. I may have failed to convey the thrill of a finely executed movement resulting in a beautiful bundle of green dollar notes held in place by half a dozen gold-bars—reward of merit in the "enlightened" capitalist economy which Chiang Kai-shek, and T. V. Soong, General Marshall and the U.S. State Department have made between them. But anyone further interested can apply for more information to the Central Bank of China at 15 Chung Shan Road (Eastern) —formerly the Bund—Shanghai, China. Please do not mention my name.

YOUR SHANGHAI CORRESPONDENT

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

ONE main factor must affect the planning of programmes for peak listening hours in the Home and Light Services: the knowledge that the audience will run into millions. The statement is so obvious as almost to drive me to apologise for making it—and yet sometimes programme-planners forget it, and by forgetting, undo the very good they are attempting. There was, for instance, *The Jew of Malta*, broadcast the other night in the World Theatre series in the Home Programme. As presented, it could not have been other than incomprehensible to all save those listeners whose education has taken in the Elizabethan drama. That neither the producer nor the actors appeared to have much idea of what it was all about or what Marlowe's intentions in writing it were, did not help matters. Eliot's essay on Marlowe, which, used as a basis for production, would at least have provided a consistent and intelligible interpretation, might not have been written; and since there was no overall conception of the play nothing that occurred in it surprised one; except, perhaps, the little dog that barked in the slave-market scene, shoved in despairingly, one can only suppose, to pep up the production. Trains, trams, the B.B.C. taxi, the B.B.C. hansom cab, the old seagull, the curlews from "The Naturalist," Dr. Koch's birdsong in a wood, none of these presumably was judged wholly suitable; but who could object to one little dog? One wasn't surprised that Mr. Francis Sullivan was allowed to use his beautiful voice to make the Jew initially a romantic and melancholy figure of great racial dignity, thereby rendering his later wickedness incredible.

The listener who knew his Marlowe could check the production against his knowledge. But what were the millions to make of it all? As produced by Mr. Felton, it couldn't have been more than meaningless mumbo-jumbo interspersed with occasional passages of great poetry. But granted a much better production, surely it is futile to expect the millions to listen to such a play as *The Jew of Malta*, or for that matter almost any play that is not more or less contemporary, without first giving them some indication of what they're to expect and of what it's all to be about. There should have been an introductory talk on the play, with a brief outline of the plot; something akin to the interval talk on the main work to be performed in a Sunday afternoon concert. When the Third Programme put on *All for Love*, there, quite rightly, was Mr. Grigson to talk to us about Dryden. Home Service listeners who are invited to contemplate the unfamiliar are no less entitled to this kind of respect.

It was an excellent idea to send Mr. Louis MacNeice to India to observe the transfer of power and gather material for a series of features, for he is, among much else, an occasional poet in the best sense of the word, unrivalled in our day in seizing the essential spirit of a time or a place. His first Indian programme, *India at First Sight*, was as exciting as one had anticipated, as freshly conceived, as lively and entertaining as anything he has written. Mr. MacNeice went to India armed with the stock-responses with which, however he may strive to discount them, every Englishman greets the challenge of that country. He put them into his programme, clowned them, satirized them, gave them their due, as in his treatment of the relief of Lucknow. And he did much else; wittily and charmingly, with the most dextrous sleight-of-hand, he packed into his hour a traveller's first impression, fragments of history, vignettes of great men, snatches of Indian poetry both traditional and modern; how enchanting were the Gond poems, how effective the contrast between Tagore and Iqbal. In a word, he brought home to us India in its "antiquity, continuity, perpetuity." His production was brilliant and his cast most accomplished; Miss Gladys Young must by now be weary of praise, but she was superb both as the English nanny with her cosily sinister "There's something they do with a rope" and as the Indian ayah with her delightful animal fables.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Farrebique," at the Curzon
"Corridor of Mirrors," at the Odeon

Readers of this column will need no introduction to *Farrebique*: it has provided me with a peg on which several times during the last two years I have hung my hat. My jubilation dated back to a miserably unattended afternoon at the Scala in—was it?—early 1946. Fewer than a dozen persons had collected, and the film itself was as unexpectedly splendid as the vacant rows were depressing. No film, in fact, ever came to me more out of the blue, for I had never heard of it or of its director, Georges Rouquier, and my sole reason for going was that this performance pre-dated the Paris showing. In such circumstances, wishing to find one's pleasure shared, one may easily exaggerate it. Had I made too much of *Farrebique*? Was it indeed as solid, as original and beautiful as I remembered? I could only assume, since I *did* so remember, that it was; and the press show at the Curzon last Wednesday sustained, I am glad to say, and reinforced this impression.

Especially one judges films by their instant appeal to the feelings through eye and ear. I have always been an addict of *choses vues*—the balcony slant, the walk down the street, the straggle after sea-shells or slip-slopping otter-hounds—and so I suspect, in varying manner, must be every true film-fan. You can't have a good film that doesn't look good. That isn't a paradox, but neither is it quite a truism; by the same standard, poetry (whatever its other intentions) must sound right. I don't wish to labour this. My point is that, without such immediacy, no film can hope to enjoy the sort of flitting life that belongs to the screen. The literal, dead-to-the-eye piece never starts and leaves nothing to remember. *Farrebique* belongs to the rare order of strictly memorable films.

Its texture of observation and feeling—the portrait of peasant life, of Nature and of natural processes—is probably the richest offered by any film. Innumerable moments, of cloud shadows travelling over the valley, hare prints in the snow, crows cawing in a spinney, a man sowing, a tall-chimneyed harvester jiggling and pounding like an ornament from a fairground, the ploughshare with its molten dazzle in evening sunlight, owl and toad under the moon, wheat shooting up through the soil, summer flies with a convulsive movement skating on water—innumerable such instants, closely interwoven, fill out the scene, and a multiplicity of such scenes the year. The sheer pleasure to the senses would enchant, I believe, even that convinced dandy, Sir Max Beerbohm. Rouquier has a wonderful lyrical eye, and with it (the two go often together) a reticent but not insensitive passion for humanity. The fellow-feeling that binds people and animals: Van Gogh, who knew it, records in one of his letters how he watched a cow calve at midnight, and the event touched him with almost religious emotion. The peasants here seem to me to behave exactly as they do always: stubbornly, meanly, sub-humorously, with rare outbreaks of laughter or jigging, and a hard, smooth underlying rhythm. The younger ones dream of electric light and Paris, the inheritor becomes a miser of property, the old grandfather who has built a flourishing farm out of nothing goes to and fro in his mind over seventy-five years, like a bard reciting legend. The last days and death of this old man supply the film with an elegy as affecting as anything the screen has witnessed. Nothing is forced, every detail expresses. The triumph is a little spoiled (for this comes very late in the film) by an abrupt, conventional ending that tells us life is going on, spring will be soon here, etc. *Farrebique* does not always avoid the conventional intoxication of its theme. It would be, indeed, an amazing film if it did. As it is, there is enjoyment enough here for half a dozen visits, and to film-makers the inspiration for a new school of documentary.

Corridor of Mirrors is remarkable chiefly for the appearance on the English scene, as director and leading actress, of a young lady called Edana Romney. She has Orsonian longings, some force of character and looks, and at least an interest in camera techniques. This, her first piece, is a lavishly made thriller about a millionaire aesthete (Eric Portman) who harks back 400 years in a stupendous *palazzo* overlooking Regent's Park (address, please). The time, I gather, is the present; Miss Romney adventures there in London's last hansom. Mirrors, reincarnation, Borgais, cats, perversion, murder, and a Venetian carnival with fireworks and gondolas delight her momentarily with Regent's Park; but in the end she plumps for Wales, a rock-climber and raising a healthy family. It's new-ninetyish and adolescent, but not without promise of skill

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"The Lady's not for Burning," at The Arts

Mr. Christopher Fry is a poet, the most brilliant and fertile, in my judgment, that has appeared since Auden. From the moment the curtain rises on *The Lady's not for Burning*, we are launched into a sea of dazzling verbal invention which never for a moment flags. Nothing is so refreshing in these days as to find that we are not, for a change, savouring a few rare fine drops of squeezed juice; we are afloat in the element itself, and Mr. Fry gives us the confidence that he can let down his bucket where he wishes and bring it up brimming, and swill the decks down with wit, conceits, images, and a particular kind of sharp bathos (which he tends to over-use).

But besides being a poet, he has chosen also to be a dramatist, and it is here that the qualifications begin. Certainly his gift is highly rhetorical and, apart from a few tongue-twisters, it lies extremely well, I should judge, on the tongue: certainly as delivered by this particular company it comes very well to the ear. One can also see that he has a talent for devising situations and for creating character; whether these gifts develop depends, it seems to me, on his finding better fables than the one he has chosen in *The Lady's not for Burning*. For this is noticeably weak. It is placed in a fifteenth-century English town, where the Mayor and the Justice represent the Establishment, bureaucrats who administer things as they are. Enter upon them two individualistic figures, the one a soldier of fortune who claims to have committed a couple of murders and demands to be hanged for them, the other a girl whom the townspeople believe to be a witch. For dealing with witches there is a prescribed method and she is condemned to be burnt. But a fellow who asks to be hanged and at the same time implies that he is the Devil is outside any known rules; the Establishment is quite bewildered. Meanwhile the soldier of fortune falls in love with the witch and together they manage to get out of their predicament.

The flat characters, the Mayor, the Justice and the Chaplain, are all well established, wittily written and excellently played, by Andrew Leigh, Peter Bull and Frank Napier respectively. And if this had been a morality with flat characters all the way through Mr. Fry might have brought it off, on a lower level. But the two main characters are more; they are figures of romantic comedy who are faced with a serious predicament, and the trouble is that they don't come alive. They are never credible. To the soldier of fortune Mr. Alec Clunes gives every resource of his highly developed art; he speaks the poetry admirably: he moves most expressively; he gives to the character warmth, virility, light, colour, movement: he gives it everything except life and he would give it that if it were there to give. But it is not; and this robs the poetry of any dramatic significance.

Perhaps presently Mr. Fry will find his equivalent of North's Plutarch and then his promise will become achievement. Meanwhile no one who enjoys poetry and the clash and thunder of rhetoric should miss *The Lady's not for Burning*.

T. C. WORSLEY

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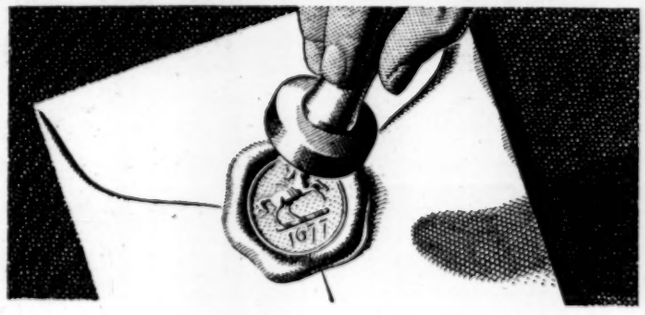

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THE THREAT OF WAR

SIR,—The B.B.C. report of "To-day in Parliament" on March 4th, in which Soviet Russia was again openly referred to as the potential enemy, seems to have had a sobering effect on listeners and has already set going a crop of alarmist rumours. The alarm is justifiable.

Now that the cold fit has set in and the belief is growing that politicians of all parties have gone crazy, what the plain man wants his newspaper to tell him is what chance we have, if war breaks out, of gaining such material benefits as will justify the resulting austerity and loss of life.

In a recent speech, Lord Beaverbrook said to an American audience that "the United States has an aircraft carrier in Istanbul and *a much finer carrier* in Great Britain." One does not require to be an expert to realize that if this island is to be used as an American base, it will become, automatically, a priority target for reprisal. This fact is fully realized by American military commentators, one of whom has blandly referred to us as "the cushion to soften the blow of atomic attack." Professor J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S., in the course of a realistic forecast of the price we shall have to pay for this privilege, has stated that "I think we should be lucky if we had as few as two million killed and many more seriously injured . . . the area where an atomic bomb fell would probably be uninhabitable for several centuries."

A statement recently issued to the press over the signatures of Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Earl Russell, Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., the Dean of St. Paul's and other eminent persons, asserts that "the people" of Britain and America would "choose" this fate rather than allow themselves to be "engulfed by Communism." Assuming that they are right and that our working class is so terrified of the spread of "Communism" in Europe that it would heroically endure the sacrifices required for its suppression, it still remains doubtful whether large-scale massacre is the best method of dealing with an economic theory. Mr. Bevin's latest consignment of British rifles has not induced the obstinate Greek guerillas to alter their ideas, nor have the vast quantities of dollars, airplanes, and military equipment which President Truman has showered on Chiang Kai-shek had any noticeable effect on the political beliefs of his "Communist" opponents. The morale which is the "secret weapon" on which the Communist powers rely has no counterpart in Western Europe, in spite of the efforts of Catholics and crypto-Fascists to create an equivalent. Even the United States, as the increasing prestige of Henry Wallace indicates, are far from being united in their evil purpose. Nothing is therefore safely predictable about the "third war" except the casualties, the misery and the devastation it will let loose. The fate of Hitler's ideological adventure indeed suggests that the crusade against "Communist engulfment" on which President Truman, Mr. Bevin and their supporters now seem so anxious to embark, may only make what remains of the human race more "Communist" than it ever was before. If capitalism at bay has anything better to offer the masses than sudden death, let the "Anglo-Americans" give proof of it in Germany, Greece, Palestine, China and at Lake Success. If they don't like Socialist planning, let them produce a workable alternative which inspires both confidence and hope.

Stonar House, Deal. DOUGLAS GOLDRING

RESPONSIBILITY FOR DEFENCE

SIR,—As one who has long proclaimed his detestation of the policy of appeasing Communism, which you have so frequently proclaimed in many different forms, I do not expect either friendly or accurate comments on my speeches from your anonymous Parliamentary commentators. But I must protest at the suggestion that I was delighted by Mr. Crossman's recent advocacy of the assumption by the United States of America of all military responsibility for the defence of Europe against the growing Communist menace. His recent speech did seem to me to be something of an advance on the views which he and you have so often propounded that we should "opt out of the ideological war." I think he is now beginning to realise that it does not take two to make a war, and that if one's neighbours are attacked it is prudent to be able to resist the aggressor before he becomes overwhelmingly powerful. But it is quite wrong to hand over all responsibility for such resistance to somebody else.

What is needed is a collective defence pact of all the free nations of Europe, backed by Britain and America, and involving the use of the whole defensive strength, including atomic strength, of those Powers in the event of any one of their number being the victim of open aggression. This is the counterpart to the planning of the economy of these countries with the assistance of the European Recovery Programme which Mr. Bevin has worked so patiently to achieve. Without security, prosperity will not return. It is, of course, a truism, on which both Mr. Crossman and you rightly insist, that mere defensive measures are no answer to the insidious menace of Communism. Why not simply admit that we need both a collective security system and the economic reconstruction of Europe under a European planned economy?

The picture which you paint of an irresistible Russian army, which would in any event occupy the whole of Europe immediately in the event of war, is not accepted by any competent military strategist with whom I have discussed the matter. Personally I hold the view, which I know to be held by many who occupied supreme positions in the Great War—that any army possessing atomic weapons would be at an overwhelming advantage compared with an army not possessing them. I do not believe that the Russians would fight while they remain so vastly inferior in military preparedness. I agree with the view which you often express that the Russians do not want war, but rather that they believe that the inherent contradictions of capitalism will bring about the fall of the Western Powers—aided by Communist sabotage and infiltration. A really positive policy covering both reconstruction and defence, and above all aiming to associate America with Europe as closely as possible, can probably save Europe from another world war. This is the policy which Mr. Bevin has patiently pursued and which, if successful, will place him in history amongst the greatest statesmen of his generation.

RAYMOND BLACKBURN

House of Commons.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—Archibald Robertson, like Edgar Young and Zilliacus, does not seem to understand, or to have tried to understand, just why it is that pro-Communist arguments carry no weight with the main body of Socialist opinion in this country. I cannot presume to speak for all of that body, but I think I can voice the feeling of a pretty large section of it.

We desire the achievement of Socialism in our time and are prepared to work and suffer for it. Included in our idea of Socialism are the abolition of privilege based on property and the transfer of real economic and political power from the few to the many. In terms of economics and social relations we are as Left, if not more Left, than the Communists.

But our main goal is the achievement of a just society in which men behave to each other like members of a family. However important the Socialist economic framework may be, we care much more passionately that, despite the stern nature of the political struggle, all those qualities and virtues which help men to live happily together shall be preserved and strengthened.

The ingredients of our very homely, old-fashioned fudge are honesty, kindliness, good faith, fair dealing,

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Company Meetings

CABLE AND WIRELESS (HOLDING)

ARBITRATION AWAITED

The 19th ordinary general meeting of Cable and Wireless (Holding), Ltd., was held on March 12 in London.

Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G. (the Governor) said that following unsuccessful attempts to reach agreement regarding the price to be paid by the Government for the shares in Cable and Wireless Limited (the operating company) it had been agreed that the matter should be referred to an arbitration tribunal in accordance with the Cable and Wireless Act. He hoped that the tribunal would sit before the Long Vacation, which commenced on August 1st. In those circumstances the directors felt that the presentation of the accounts to December 31st, 1947, and the payment of dividends should not be withheld owing to that delay and had, therefore, convened the meeting as soon as possible after the termination of 1947.

When the tribunal had fixed the sum to be paid, they would then also receive interest retrospective as from January 1st, 1947, but as neither the award nor the interest was assessable until after the arbitration and the income therefore not yet available for dividend purposes, the directors had decided that the normal dividends should be paid now. For that purpose they were transferring from the principal underlying companies appropriate amounts from the reserves of previously undistributed profits.

THE YEAR'S REVENUE

The main source of income was dividends from subsidiary companies amounting to £1,107,239. Those dividends had been maintained at the 1946 level by passing up sums equivalent to £863,000 gross (net £475,000) from the undistributed profits of earlier years held in the reserves of those subsidiary companies. In addition they had received a dividend of £50,000 from Cables Investment Trust and interest on other investments of £181,600. Other receipts, which amounted to £15,000, made a total of £1,353,600.

The valuation of shareholdings in the three subsidiary companies, the Eastern, the Eastern Extension and the Western Telegraph Companies, was subject to the compensation to be received by those companies from H.M. Treasury in respect of their former holdings in Cable and Wireless Limited. Investments in securities, stocks and shares stood at £10,286,081, against £2,185,544 last year, an increase of £8,100,537.

In the consolidated balance-sheet the book value of the securities at £13,351,006 showed an increase of £3,377,000 over the previous year. The market value of the securities of the group showed an appreciation of £927,019 over book cost.

ASSURANCE TO SHAREHOLDERS

He thought they might congratulate themselves upon the successful results of the year's working which had resulted in further profits on realisations of £249,352, increased book value of investments of £3,377,000, and increased value of those investments over book value of £927,019.

He did not think he could do better than repeat substantially what he had said at the last general meeting, that so soon as the amount of compensation they were to receive was known, they would be able to consider the best course to suggest in the stockholders' interests and to repeat the assurance that the stockholders would be consulted before any decisive step was taken.

The report was adopted.

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA & CHINA

RECORD FIGURES

The 94th ordinary general meeting of The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China will be held on March 24th in London.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Mr. Vincent Alpe Grantham, circulated with the report and accounts:—

During the last year further progress has been made in reopening agencies which were closed during the Japanese occupation and there now only remain Kobe and Yokohama, for which we are unable to include up-to-date figures. We have opened an agency at Tokyo, from which centre our representatives are supervising all Japanese business. Whilst we have not yet reopened for business in Canton, we have been able to obtain details of our commitments at that port.

Once again I am able to report record figures in our balance sheet, the total of £126,418,799 showing an increase of £8,238,929 over the 1946 figures. On the liabilities side, this increase is almost wholly due to the increases in Current and Other Accounts and Fixed Deposits of £3,926,842 and £2,442,215 respectively. Smaller increases occur in the totals of Notes in Circulation of £1,070,957 and Loans Payable of £667,500. Movements on the assets side show wider divergencies, but Cash in Hand and At Bankers at £23,110,595, shows an increase of £3,387,352, representing 22.4 per cent of our Call Liabilities. Government and Other Securities have been reduced by £4,134,355, and this reduction is reflected in the increased Cash Position. Bills of Exchange, including Foreign Treasury Bills, at £4,754,675, show an increase of £1,618,340 and Advance to Customers at £36,997,025, an increase of £7,490,264, both of which are eloquent testimony of the increased participation of the Bank in financing world trade and the greater requirements of our customers due largely to higher prices of commodities.

The profits for the year, after providing for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Contingencies and Taxation upon the current year's profits, are £448,058, an increase of £69,426 over those of last year. In Oct. last we paid an interim dividend of 5 per cent and we propose that a final dividend of 7 per cent be paid.

In view of the further progress that we have been able to make in the reopening of branches that were closed, and the clearer vision we now have regarding war-time liabilities, for which we had already made provision, but for which the necessary legislation to enable us to finalise the position has not yet been passed, and the opening of new branches, we feel that we are justified in raising the basis of our annual distribution to 12 per cent.

As regards allocations to the various funds, your directors wish to recommend that the increased allocation which we made last year to the pension fund be maintained and that an increased allocation be made to premises account. We therefore propose that, out of the balance available, after providing for the dividend, £100,000 be added to the officers' pension fund, £10,000 to the widows' and orphans' fund, and £125,000 be written off bank premises, leaving £402,326 9s 3d to be carried forward to the current year.

In considering as a whole the position in the various countries in which the bank is established, and which came under Japanese domination, the most striking figure common to the majority is the shortage of food grains, and mainly of rice. It may be said that, of the countries which were occupied by the Japanese, the Philippine Republic, aided by generous aid from the United States, Hong-Kong, Singapore, the Federation of Malaya, Siam and Burma, are now making steady progress, while Indo-China and Indonesia still lag behind.

respect for personality however humble, regard for minority rights and opinions, and scrupulousness in the exercise of power—all flavoured with mercy. If Communists reject these ingredients, they cannot expect or want to be treated as allies. The very fact that they have strained the quality of mercy out of their Socialist creed makes it impossible for us to have any political sympathy for them. They are speaking another language and seeking another country. How can they preach to us about the way to get to our destination?

So I must rewrite the words which Archibald Robertson has put into our mouths. "These Communists and their admirers are made of weak stuff. They have cut religion and ethics out of their politics and have given up the fight for a just society, yielding to the temptation of getting to power by a short cut. They have rejected the freedom of mind and conscience which God gave them, because they are afraid to live by their own judgment, and as politicians have become something less than human, arrogantly imagining themselves to be instruments of irresistible material forces, of which a few men are the infallible interpreters. It is a tragedy that so many good men should be lost to the fight for human brotherhood and that so much energy and devotion should be inspired by hatred. What is this disease which makes intelligent men believe and propagate falsehood? How can we work with them until they gain some insight into their own condition and rediscover the fact that in politics, as in private life, they are persons with minds and hearts of their own? The curse of it all is that they are driving decent people away from Socialism instead of towards it. We just cannot applaud or help them; it is better to suffer capitalism a little longer than to see the world enslaved to a Socialism which knows neither reason nor charity."

To which we, and all democrats in the Western world, should humbly add, "Its our own stupid fault. These men challenged the rottenness of our society and we evaded the challenge. The only answer now is to build a Socialist society on our values and to see to it that the light of our faith outshines theirs."

67 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. TOM SARGANT

ARTISTS IN SIBERIA

SIR,—Mr. Mitchell asks if Mr. Mortimer really supposes that Shostakovitch and others really fear "banishment to the Arctic." Since one person in eighteen in the U.S.S.R. is engaged on forced labour in a place of exile it would be surprising if the risk had not crossed their minds. They might have a specific uneasiness about the possibilities of finding themselves peat-cutting in Rybinsk Labour Camp in the Yaroslavl region where Natalia Satz, founder and Director of the First Children's Theatre, the actor Borisov, of the Vakhtangov Theatre, the actor Shirin, of the Lenin Collective Theatre, the popular singer Kozin, the band leader Utiosov, served their time out in recent years. Shirin was sentenced for expressing a preference for the old Russian classics with, as Mr. Mitchell puts it, "their morbid concern for the personal," over the reckless enthusiasms of the new school which he was unwise enough to call "Soviet Straw." Lieutenant-Colonel Malakhov, who left the U.S.S.R. after the recent war, says that artists and writers as well as stage people were usually sent to Rybinsk; but there seems to be no hard-and-fast rule. Meyerhold, for instance, died in 1941 in a forced labour camp somewhere in Asiatic Russia; Leonid Shchekach, a journalist, was sent to the Pechora camps in the Archangel district; Julius Margolin, the Zionist publicist and writer, after five years in labour camps, was settled on ticket-of-leave in the Altai. Some writers are, possibly more disturbingly, simply listed as missing. Kulbak, the Yiddish poet and novelist, is an example of this type: after writing the novel *Zehnenianer* he vanished away, his books were withdrawn from circulation, and nothing more was heard of him. Mr. Mitchell may find it inspiring to think of the 10 to 15 million people in the slave labour camps of the Union, but then he lives somewhat remotely from them. It would take a very credulous dupe to live untroubled in their shadow.

ANTHONY WEST

WEST AFRICAN EDUCATION

SIR,—As you very rightly point out, there is a great deal more behind the Accra disturbances than Communism. With the rapidly growing spirit of dissatisfaction and unrest throughout West Africa, there is urgent need of the confidence of African leaders of opinion. Unfortunately, a good deal of the Colonial Office's present policy seems calculated to produce just the opposite effect.

This is especially evident in the resentment its handling of higher education has aroused. The omission of Fourah Bay College, in Sierra Leone, from present plans is particularly unfortunate. Fourah Bay was founded in 1826, and has served as the main centre of learning and higher education in West Africa, since its affiliation as a university college to Durham University in 1876.

After the Majority recommendations of the Elliot Commission in favour of the College, the Secretary of State's decision not to spend imperial funds on its development caused the greatest consternation in Sierra Leone and all along the Coast, where old Fourah Bay students play a leading part in legal, medical, theological, and educational circles. The response of the Sierra Leone people was to start a Fourah Bay College Fund sponsored by leading Paramount Chiefs in the Protectorate and foremost African personalities in the Colony; but this has been severely handicapped by the Sierra Leone Government's attempt to implement the official plans for a regional (polytechnical) college. The latter idea, as a substitute for Fourah Bay, has about as much appeal in Sierra Leone as would a similar institution in England in place of Oxford or Cambridge.

The Secretary of State acknowledges local feeling and sentiment, but contends that Sierra Leone's supply of university students and finance is insufficient to justify the maintenance of facilities which will presently be available elsewhere. He forgets, seemingly, that well over a hundred Sierra Leone students have already sought university and technical training in Britain, and he apparently does not intend, in any case, to extend secondary school facilities for the Protectorate's some 400,000 children beyond a few hundred places by 1955.

In short, the situation has reached a deadlock. The leading African educationists in Sierra Leone, including Mrs. Benka-Coker, M.B.E., a pioneer in female education, have steadfastly refused to associate themselves with a scheme which they consider detrimental to their country's interests; and local opinion, already very critical of Government's plans in wider political and other fields, is likely to be coloured to an increasing extent by the outcome of Fourah Bay.

In the circumstances, a compromise solution, which met the main wishes of the people, would be the most statesmanlike step for the Colonial Office to take. There is no immediate need to construct Fourah Bay on the elaborate lines of Ibadan. At the same time, maintenance of its university status would enable the College to play a unique and essential part in the national development of a country whose rapidly changing conditions demand retention, *on the spot*, of the best youthful talent and brains.

Above all, such a solution would provide a genuine earnest to Africans and colonials everywhere of Britain's intention to proceed with development along lines acceptable to the people themselves.

KENNETH LITTLE

THE FABIAN SOCIETY

SIR,—Sidney and Beatrice Webb have gone, and we are to-day reaping the fruits of their work in field after field of social endeavour. One of their achievements was the creation of the Fabian Society, with its twofold task of political education and research. Under their inspiration, succeeding generations of Fabians have trained themselves and others for Ministerial, Parliamentary and Local Government responsi-

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bilities, for creative work in their professions or in industry, for public service at all levels of society. Individually and collectively, members of the Society have contributed a great deal to Labour's programme and its rise to power.

The formation of the Labour Government opened a new chapter in the Society's history. A centre of independent Socialist thought, it has a great role to play in planning ahead, formulating new policies and assessing the practical implementation of old ideas. It is more than ever important to recruit and train Socialists among the professional and managerial classes, who are playing a key role in our new democracy. The transition to Socialism is constantly posing problems of economic planning, political machinery and cultural development, which require forward thinking and a restatement of traditional socialist thought in many fields.

The Society has met this challenge by a very sharp increase, over the last year or two, in its research programme. In this work, it benefits from the voluntary and unpaid services of many people in all walks of life; but the Society has to supply technical and secretarial services to its research committees, and at a time when salaries and costs are rising. This extended programme of work has created a one-time need for an addition, during this year, of about £2,000 to the Society's normal revenue. Donations would be very welcome.

The General Secretary (11 Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1), will be pleased to hear from anybody who would like to help the Society, either by financial support or by taking part in any of its numerous activities.

C. R. Attlee — Harold J. Laski
Harold Clay — Herbert Morrison
G. D. H. Cole — Morgan Phillips
Stafford Cripps — T. H. Tawney

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATIONS

Sir,—The Government says "one man one vote." Why must this dispense with University Members? Could not Parliament itself, with an open vote, select and elect six members from nominations put forward by the Universities?

John Roberts

Selsfield, Sussex.

WAR WITHOUT END

Sir,—A car is a machine projecting a ton of metal through space, in a direction governed only approximately, at the rate of 44 feet per second (at 30 m.p.h.). If such a machine were in a factory, attended by highly skilled men, its owner would be prosecuted every time it hurt anyone, even though they were careless, reckless or indolent. The cry, often raised, that "secure fencing is impracticable" was met by Lord Hewart's great dictum: "If a dangerous machine cannot be made safe to use, what the law says in effect is, that it cannot be used at all."

When railways were first introduced, public opinion (not case hardened by the annual slaughter of 4,500 people) insisted that they be fenced in with planks and barbed wire, to such effect that the number of people run over by trains is still infinitesimal. Trains do not run as often as motor vehicles, they run on known tracks, and each is in charge of three fully trained men. If all railway fencing was immediately removed, trains would still not kill as many people as cars do. And if your contributor's recommendations were enforced, even she does not claim that the accident rate would be more than halved—500 children killed instead of 1,000, and still 8,000 injured.

During the war, civilian casualties from German bombing were less than those on our own roads. To defeat the German bombers we spent untold millions, and for a tenth of the sum we could bring an end to a state of things which daily leads to scores of smashed infant bodies being dragged from gutters.

First, it must be recognised that *speed* is the cause of almost all accidents. If nothing was allowed to go faster than a bicycle, there would be practically no accidents; therefore, as far as urban streets are concerned, a 20 m.p.h. limit should be enforced by fitting every car with fore-and-aft speedometers close to, and as readable as, the indicator plates. In open roads 30 m.p.h. might be permitted and enforced by that cheapest of all devices, widely used in America and France, a series of hollows in the road surface which pitch offenders out through their own roofs.

The great by-pass roads and other suitable routes could be designated "speed unlimited" once they had been fenced from end to end against children and prams, as the railways are. New speed roads could be built as circumstances permitted with these limitations in mind from the start. Cycle-tracks, instead of being the neglected orphans of the *Autobahnen*, should be carried through the fields, as they are in Holland and Denmark. Then they would be used.

The law of manslaughter, which, in its present state the police have given up trying to use, should be altered to meet altered times (it is a great deal safer to run a car up the pavement and kill two children in a perambulator than it is to strangle an adulterous spouse in a fit of passion), and since, as Helen Gosse proves, most accidents are "repeats" from the irresponsibles or incapables, two accidents involving injury should mean the end of the driving license—for ever.

To those who think that I am prejudiced, I would say that over the last twelve years I have driven everything from a motor cycle to a large ammunition lorry, and to those who think my schemes fantastic I say: "Do you want your children, or don't you?"

John A. Yates

BABIES IN PRISON

Sir,—Many people familiar with our women's prisons will disagree with Polycritic's sweeping condemnation of the "heartless practice" of allowing babies to be born in prison. In the first place, the birth certificate does not mention the prison but merely gives a number in a street, which not one person in a million would recognize. Pregnant women nearing the end of their sentence are often released before its expiry, and the question of temporary release has been considered, but there are practical difficulties. The most skilled obstetrician cannot predict with certainty exactly when labour will begin and no maternity hospital will accept a woman until that time. At what point is the expectant mother to be released and where is she to go pending the birth? Many of these women have no homes, and temporary accommodation would be difficult to find. I think there is little doubt that if the women themselves were consulted they would opt for remaining where they were. Babies born in prison get excellent skilled care and the mothers have every opportunity to learn how to look after their children. Is not the objection to their being born in prison a sentimental one which takes little account of realities of the situation?

But perhaps Polycritic would say that there should be no babies in prison at all? Women with babies at the breast under the age of six months may take them in with them, and it would indeed be a heartless practice to abolish this provision. The solution might be for the Prison Commissioners to establish a small special institution for mothers and babies, but the numbers are so few that such a scheme is at present impracticable. Perhaps in the future such an institution might provide also for mothers convicted of neglect, and their children, on the lines of the experiment now being begun by the Elizabeth Fry training scheme for neglectful mothers.

Mildred Artemus-Jones

ABC

Sir,—"Who," says Graham Greene, in your last issue, "but ardent readers of the weekly press will recognise T. & T. as *Time and Tide*."

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN a contented clergyman of the Church of England becomes accidentally possessed of a work on geology, begins to shut himself up for long hours in his study, paces the floor at night after the rest of the family have retired, is found looking on the face of his child with anguish and mutely imploring his wife not to enquire into his secret, the experienced reader of mid-Victorian fiction knows what to expect. The hero is about to lose his faith, one of the normal industrial risks of the clerical profession, as being cut off by the tide, or becoming a permanent invalid through falling from a swing are the normal perils of childhood. To-day the situation is about as much feared as spontaneous combustion: but there are still some who from time to time discover fragments of the mislaid faiths of their elders lying about the house, and would indeed find it difficult to furnish the place without them. For the hero of a novel in the seventies the prognosis is grave. We shall soon find him preaching his last, painfully undoctrinal, sermon and saying farewell to his comfortable rectory; obliged perhaps to go and live in Manchester, where his wife will die, as likely as not, or his daughter marry a cotton-spinner; giving rationalist lectures in the East End; or, in exceptionally severe cases, becoming one of the notorious race of literary hacks who even then were to be found shambling round Bloomsbury and cumbering the reading room of the British Museum.

It is to this last unhappy fate that the hero of Winwood Reade's *The Outcast* is driven; so that the book has justly been taken as an extreme illustration of the punishment accorded by society to the confessed unbeliever. My own copy is of the first edition, of 1875, but its sombre lesson was still considered sufficiently applicable for it to be reprinted in 1933, though only, it must be confessed, in that old-world collection, the Thinker's Library. Winwood Reade is of course better known as the author of *The Martyrdom of Man*, a picturesque sketch of universal history which has since attained a place among the sacred scriptures of freethought. He was a nephew of Charles Reade the novelist, and the major events of his career were some considerable African explorations; prompted indeed by much the same spirit as his theological ones, for he originally undertook them to disprove Du Chaillu's theories about the power and ferocity of the gorilla. It was while he was in Sierra Leone, working on the origins of native culture, that he was gradually led from writing the history of Africa into writing the history of the world. "There at grips with raw nature and uncontrollable barbaric life, stirred by the immediate enterprise of tracking the mighty Niger to its source, Reade lifted his eyes anew to the vision of the immeasurable river of time and conceived the dazzling enterprise of tracking that." So writes J. M. Robertson, in that majestic prose which comes so readily to the rationalist pen. However, the book is considerably better than this would suggest. It represents the impact of Malthus, Lyell, Darwin and Tylor on a rich historical imagination; its panoramic views are often exciting, and it includes some prophetic gobbets of nineteenth-century wisdom that are capable of bringing a sharp twinge to the nerves of the present day.

> The system of government became masterly, and the servitude of the people became complete . . .
>
> Unless some discovery is made by means of which provisions may be manufactured with as much facility as children, the whole earth will be one day placed in the same predicament as the island in which we live, which has outgrown its food-producing power, and is preserved from starvation only by means of foreign corn.

The aim of the book is to show that man's development has been a continual martyrdom, that it has been only by cruel strife and suffering that progress has been kept up; and that this finally disposes of any notion of a benevolent Creator. *The Outcast* deserts the Universe for the parish, and is concerned with the personal and domestic side of unbelief. It is a striking illustration of how much thicker and damper the theological fog had become by 1875 than it was in the earlier part of the century. Nobody, so far as I know, was driven mad by the early editions of Lyell's *Principles of Geology*. Tennyson read it with interest in 1837, and a good deal of it got into *In Memoriam;* but it did not affect either his own health or that of his wife. The reading of that cool and objective work by the hero of *The Outcast* leads to death, despair and division of families on a scale that would have satisfied the most jealous of gods. Readers of the early evolutionary tract, *The Vestiges of Creation*, greeted it on the whole with mild approval. But regard the fate of Arthur, a minor character in Reade's novel thirty years later:

> One day he came to me in trouble. He had been reading the great work of Malthus—the Essay on Population—and said that it made him doubt the goodness of God. I replied with the usual commonplace remarks; he listened to me attentively, then sighed, shook his head, and went away. A little while afterwards he read The Origin of Species, which had just come out, and which proves that the Law of Population is the chief agent by which evolution has been produced. From that time he began to show symptoms of insanity. He dressed always in black, and said that he was in mourning for mankind. The works of Malthus and Darwin, bound in sombre covers, were placed on a table in his room; the first was lettered outside, The Book of Doubt, and the second, The Book of Despair. He took long, solitary walks in the most secluded parts of the estate, and was sometimes seen gesticulating to the heavens, sometimes seated by the wayside plucking grass and casting it from him with a strange, tremulous movement of the hands.

A few pages farther on he hangs himself from the bars of his padded cell. A case which should certainly find its way into any collection of moral tales for psychoanalysts. The misadventures in Eden are conscientiously rejected by the rationalising intellect; while all the time the seeds of the forbidden fruit are lying doggo in the unconscious, till at last the tree springs up, ready to bring death into the world and all our woe over again.

In an obscure way Winwood Reade sees this. It is because he cannot cease to believe that Arthur is doomed. He remains obstinately convinced of a personal Creator, and believes that he must be such a one as Malthus and Darwin have shown him. Could he have lost his faith completely he might have reached a stoical calm. It is the notion of a personal God who deliberately designs to develop his creation by the hideous method of the survival of the fittest that drives Arthur to madness. God is guilty of "making a world in which murder is as the mainspring to a watch." To the hero of the book the solution is clear: we must get rid of God. It is the incompatibility between God's methods and his traditional character that is distressing. Without God it is surprising to find how much of faith still survives. Man's life, it is true, is individually insignificant; man is a coral insect, building with his own debris a reef of which he never sees the completion; the agent of progress is still brutal conflict; but no one is personally responsible for this, and the reality of the progress is never for a moment in question. The state of evolutionary despair found in Wells's *Mind at the End of its Tether* is never even guessed at. Reade in fact makes it quite clear that it was not very difficult for the Victorian agnostic to pass from Christianity to a self-sacrificing evolutionary optimism which served much the same emotional purpose. Just as the unhappy Arthur re-enacts psychologically the drama of the tree of knowledge that he has historically rejected, so more fortunate men rebuild something like the Christian hope in another medium. Man's life is a martyrdom, but the blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the church, a secular church of biological progress. It is only the emotionally unstable who do not manage to make the transference. And this is the weakness of the case. The struggles of the Victorian unbelievers distress us less than they might because they had after all another faith ready to hand. It was only a matter of getting used to rather colder water; and as often as not the real problem was not so much metaphysical as social and economic. This is really what *The Outcast* is about. When the hero begins to face his doubts and resolves to leave the Church he goes first to consult a neighbouring rector:

> Mr. Watson was seated in his study, reading Paley's Natural Theology, and smoking a long, clay pipe. When I had explained the object of my visit, he did not seem surprised, but asked me a number of questions which showed that he was well acquainted with works of science and philosophy. Having received my replies, he reflected a little, and then said, laying down his pipe, "I see you have thought out this matter for yourself, and have not taken it at secondhand. It would be useless to try and move you out of your position. I shall therefore place myself in that position; I shall admit (for argument's sake, you understand) that you have found out the truth. We shall, therefore, discuss what is best for you to do" . . .
>
> "Most certainly," I answered, "and I have come here to ask your advice as to how to proceed in this difficult matter. I do not wish to cause scandal, or to give unnecessary pain. But remaining in the Church is out of the question altogether."
>
> "Gently, gently," he replied, "allow me to ask you what are your circumstances? What have you to live upon when you are married?" . . .
>
> "I will get work from publishers and editors. I shall easily get on."
>
> "Excuse me," he replied, "I have lived some years in London, and have written for the press. Hundreds of indigent clergymen, many of whom are fine scholars, seek in vain for employment of that kind. The supply far exceeds the demand. No, look at the future fairly in the face and don't stir up a vague mist of hopes and illusions. If you leave the Church, you cannot marry Margaret."
>
> "I was stupefied. Strange to say, I had never thought of this."

The unbeliever has to adjust himself in a society organised on a basis of belief. The theologically orientated society has provided refuges from nature red in tooth and claw, stations of life to which one is called by God, and in which it is the major social duty to remain content. One who abandons these shelters is left a prey to the brutal forces of competition. Darwinian evolution and laisser-faire economics between them have reduced life to a confused struggle for survival, in which some must necessarily go under. The Victorian thinkers and imaginative writers are mostly trying to find some islands of refuge amid the confusion. Reade's hero finishes up with a quiet little job which just keeps his head above water, and a bleak naturalistic faith which just provides a working justification for continuing to exist. A horrid example, but one that has a twentieth-century application.

What is it after all that makes the struggles of the Victorian agnostics so unreal to us to-day? Certainly not that we have solved their problems and come out on the other side. Mainly perhaps that the conflict has gone farther and the emphasis has changed. In England an uneasy agnosticism has become normal; and the first part of the old problem—to get out of an untenable orthodoxy, has become less important than the second—to find any tolerable orthodoxy to get into. To join the Communist party or the Catholic Church may well cause one to lie down in social pastures that would be otherwise unattainable: but to secede from either of these bodies does not cut one out of the picture with the alarming decisiveness of Victorian infidelity. What may soon begin to do so is a refusal to accept the increasingly institutionalised culture of our time. One can foresee the day when intolerable novels like *Robert Elsmere* and *The Outcast* will again be written; but the battle will be fought on a different field. The hero will be steeling himself to leave, not the Church, but the British Council or the B.B.C. It will be the verbal inspiration, not of the Scriptures, but of the Public Relations Officer that is in question; and sincere and desolate souls will wrestle in prayer, not over the validity of Anglican orders, but the supernatural status of Administrative Officers.

GRAHAM HOUGH.

THREE COMPOSERS

Sibelius. A Symposium edited by Gerald Abraham. *Lindsay Drummond.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Haydn. By KARL GEIRINGER. *Allen and Unwin.* 21*s.*
Delius. By ARTHUR HUTCHINGS. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Only in Scandinavia, Great Britain and the United States is Sibelius reckoned a great composer; the French care nothing for his music, the Germans and Austrians next to nothing, the Italians are scarcely aware of his existence. His limited appeal is often used as an argument to embarrass those who believe (as I do) that Sibelius is a great composer: a profoundly original and wonderfully cultivated talent, a man who has not only expressed in terms of music a whole newly conquered region of our planet (the sub-arctic), but has also effected the most important development in the structural organisation of music since Beethoven's expansion of sonata form. The standard explanation of his unequal fame is strictly racial; but if it takes a "Nordic" to appreciate Sibelius, why isn't he adored in Germany?

It is well known that composers, however fascinating their *obiter dicta*, are quite the worst and most prejudiced judges of other kinds of music than their own. This is roughly true of all major artists, and a moment's reflection will show why: the very intensity of their own outlook on the world blinds them to the merit, even the point, of any other. It seems to me that a similar phenomenon can be observed in nations as a whole. Of course, individuals of eclectic taste are to be found in all free countries; but generally speaking, the more imposing a nation's own contribution to an art, the less it can see in that of almost any other nation. Consequently the two peoples who have made the richest contribution to Western music—Italy and Germany-Austria—are the most contemptuous of the productions of "outsiders." In countries like France and Russia, whose music has leapt forward in fairly recent times, we can trace the rapid growth of a similar "isolationist" mentality. England and America, on the other hand, still with only a handful of eminent composers between them, are chock-full of Verdi-lovers, Mahler-lovers, Debussy-lovers, Mussorgsky-lovers and Sibelius-lovers; it is even quite common to find all these passions united, without insincerity, in a single individual. So, in the case of Sibelius, may it not be that Scandinavia understands him by instinct, England and America because we have not yet acquired the blinkers provided by a large corpus of national music of great vitality and excellence?

Professor Abraham's symposium, despite the difficulty of adapting such a scheme to a composer whose best work is almost all orchestral, is extraordinarily well done. The editor has not attempted to impose any uniformity of approach or of verdict on his gifted team, who have little in common but thorough musicianship and the ability to express it in clear English. Thus, Ralph Wood is allowed to condemn the Seventh Symphony as a failure, though the editor (implicitly) and Mr. David Cherniavsky (explicitly) regard it as the summit of his achievement. Since Mr. Wood also thinks poorly of the Violin Concerto and of the *Tempest* music, it might seem that such a combination of dislikes must put him out of court as a Sibelius commentator; and yet his essay is one of the most rewarding and well argued in the book, the distinction he draws between "pattern" and "growth" in musical form being particularly valuable. The editor himself provides a purely factual, but masterly, dissection of the structure of the seven symphonies; and even those who have been allotted the less interesting sections of this composer's extremely uneven output manage to avoid both dullness and excessive claims. The list of works is as comprehensive and careful as in previous volumes.

I see that Messrs. Lindsay Drummond have a Haydn volume in preparation, and to say that I look forward to its appearance is not to disparage Dr. Geiringer's monograph, but only to recognise that the Haydn terrain is so extensive that it cannot be satisfactorily explored in the second half of a "Life and Works," however admirably planned. It must in any event be admitted that no study of Haydn can be more than an interim contribution until this great master finds his Köchel and the desperate muddle of his compositions is cleared up by the publication of a Complete Edition; this, in turn, is a task rendered impossible by present-day political conditions. Meanwhile, Dr. Geiringer, who knows as much about Haydn as anybody, cuts a path through the jungle by boldly dividing his work into five periods, corresponding closely to the last five decades of the eighteenth century (the last with an extension): a scheme which is at least conveniently easy to keep in mind. Highly recommended.

Mr. Hutchings makes a spirited attempt to evaluate the music of Delius at the very moment when his reputation is in the trough of the wave. The author is a good musician, prodigal of sensible and illuminating criticism, such as the passage (page 47) about the effect of Delius's poor piano-playing on his composition. But to use the word "giant" deliberately and repeatedly about this composer is to mistake the scale of his highly personal gift. Mr. Hutchings rightly groups Delius with the English nature mystics: he possessed a magical vein of ecstatic contemplation, but problems of musical form bored him, so that when the moment comes when he must "get a move on" for the sake of variety, he almost always flounders into a helpless six-eight jiggety-jog; what is more curious is that, in climaxes, the delicacy of his ear is so apt to fail him, allowing him to write those hot chromatic slithers for the brass which also disfigure many of Elgar's climaxes, but would be almost inconceivable in, say, Debussy or Roussel: another instance, I fear, of that superiority of the French in the matter of texture which shows in so many of the arts. It's only fair to warn the intending reader that, while Mr. Hutchings has many good things to say, he says them in a tremendously jocular and rib-digging manner. Thus: "But for the magic of Delius, how could we forbear to remember what the bishop said to the actress?" I'm sorry if it sounds like judicial ignorance, but what *did* the bishop say?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE TRUE REALISM

Thérèse. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Trans. Gerard Hopkins. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

M. Mauriac has created many vivid characters in the course of his career, but none that has aroused so intense and enduring an interest in his readers as the would-be murderess, Thérèse Desqueyroux. It was some years after writing the first part of her story that he returned—like one irresistibly drawn back to the scene of his crime—to discover what had happened to Thérèse "in the end." Yet still it was not enough, either for him or for us; and back he went again—once, twice—to take soundings in the Sargasso Sea of her middle years. He has hinted that something yet remains for him to tell; meanwhile, we now have the four existing parts of the story (two short novels and two *nouvelles:* 300 odd pages), admirably translated and presented in a single volume.

The first part of the novel displays this writer's narrative power at its most compelling. From the moment when we first catch sight of Thérèse in the train, white and tense and desperate and more than ever alone, returning, after her acquittal, to the home she loathes—from this moment we retrace, through her own stumbling memory, the steps of her moral disintegration. At the end of part 1 we lose sight of her, free as a bird of prey, in the crowd of a Paris street. The two episodes from *Plongées* give us glimpses of a Thérèse growing old in vicious despair. In the first of these she is shown telling a smartalick psychologist the story of her utter betrayal by a lover; in the second she returns the look cast at her by a young man in a hotel dining-room, only to discover that he is studying for the priesthood and that it is her soul, not her body, he is after. Finally, in "The End of the Night," we assist at Thérèse's last struggle with her demon, and leave her, old and sick and longing for death, in the house lost in the depths of the Landes, which had witnessed her first, and perhaps most pardonable, crime.

It is an appalling story, and I am not surprised that some critics should have called Thérèse Desqueyroux a "monster"; nevertheless, I think this judgment fails to take account of the profound humanity, and the Christian charity, of M. Mauriac's portrait. What was fundamentally the matter with this woman—so intelligent and gifted, so charming, so vital, and capable so often of good and generous actions? For in brain Thérèse is as much superior to Emma Bovary as at heart she is better—far better—than Hedda Gabler; and there is much in her of both those tragic creations. The impulse which prompted her to start poisoning her unattractive boor of a husband, was originally much vaguer than that which drove Madame Bovary to eat arsenic, or Hedda to press the trigger of her gun. Consciousness of ability stifled by a narrow, conventional environment; a dynamic will turned in upon itself—then, in rage, facing round to destroy what it has failed to make its own; realisation of a vicious circle creating an ever deeper hatred of self: such is M. Mauriac's vision of the earthly hell to which defiant self-will drives its victims. This arid fever is purely cerebral: it makes use of sex only in order to enslave and destroy. In a wonderful passage of analytical description Thérèse, a prey (of course) to insomnia, is shown as deriving solace only from reliving in fantasy one or other of the innumerable *passades* by means of which she has tried to affirm her own dwindling reality.

Such a character would be nothing but an object of aversion if, like Jean-Paul Sartre, M. Mauriac thought life pointless and absurd. It is because his religion impels him to seek a reason for evil that his full-length portraits of wicked people move us so strangely. Like Gabriel Gradère, in *Les Anges Noirs*, Thérèse is a deeper excursion into the jungle of human motives than those characters who are less completely divided against themselves. Faced by her anomalous nature, we are forced by an overwhelming sense of pity to accept the dichotomy of good and evil as a conflict of absolutes. Seen in this light, the soul of Thérèse reveals a purpose beyond itself—a purpose which the author states at the very end of the book: "It was her mission to force an entry into half-dead hearts and there turn up the soil... with her sharp share she cut deep into the waste stuff of men's souls, making them, at long last, fruitful."

All the persons of this memorable drama have been seen and heard and experienced by the author with such terrible acuteness that his presentation of them is entirely without the emphasis of the artificial. Like all true creations of the imaginative intellect, they persist behind scenes in which they play no part; if they die or disappear, their spirits continue to haunt the living. When Thérèse's daughter reappears, grown up, at the beginning of the last part of the novel, we do not ask ourselves what she will be like: we know in advance. The door opens and there she is. It is her mother alone who is surprised.

This effect of inevitability is the reward of an integral vision of human life, achieved through personal suffering,—for it is the paradox of great fiction that perfect objectivity is attainable only through perfect empathy. Such an effect provides, I suggest, the only sense in which the word *realistic* can properly be applied to fiction. M. Mauriac's method of selecting detail is very different from that of a Meredith or a Henry James: he catches his people at work or at play, in dignified or undignified postures; their natures are exhibited at every level of consciousness;

no detail of their lives is deliberately ignored. Yet, like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, M. Mauriac never loses sight of the fact that the only thing of permanent interest about human beings is the making of their souls. The nature of the material assembled to reveal this process is in itself indifferent.

The author has stated that he may, at some future date, give us the scene in which Thérèse is finally absolved, by a priest of peculiar saintliness, from her entire burden of sin. At the risk of impertinence I must hope that he will do no such thing. All that is necessary to our comprehension of this woman's life is fully, and most movingly, implied in the masterly final pages of "The End of the Night." *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.* The marriage of heaven and hell is already consummated: to insist further might easily injure our impression of a nearly faultless work of art.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

JUAN GRIS

Juan Gris—His Life and Work. By DANIEL-HENRY KAHNWEILER. Translated by Douglas Cooper. *Lund Humphries.* 52*s.* 6*d.*

This is a profound and brilliant work of art criticism. It is certain that no work of equal authority will appear either on Juan Gris or Cubism, for there can be no one else who combines the varied qualifications of M. Kahnweiler. He is confirmed as the pre-eminent critical exponent of this central movement in twentieth-century art. A champion of Cubism from its beginnings, he was in closest touch with the developing thought of its three great painters, Picasso, Braque and Gris, and this intellectual intimacy informs all he writes. But at every step his insight into creative processes and his familiarity with pictorial mysteries of a special kind, are balanced by, and indeed expressed in terms of, a learning which embraces many other arts. He has the ability, for instance, to translate into the lucid language of philosophy the experience which comes by virtue of an acute sensibility and an artist's insight.

If this book is a monumental recapitulation of Cubist experience and thought, that is because it is about Gris, the only great painter who was *only* a Cubist and, incidentally, one whom M. Kahnweiler, as a dealer, supported from first to last. It was to do justice to "the purest of men, the most faithful and tender friend I have ever known and one of the noblest artists ever born," that this book was undertaken. The author has separated the "Life" from the "Work," and wisely, in view of the involved nature of Part Two, the "Work." In Part One he allows his intense, moody, but ingenuous friend to paint a self-portrait by quoting from numerous letters from Gris to himself: the personality that emerges contrasts most remarkably with that of the other Spaniard, Picasso. Gris worries about everything, including his own talent; would always "like to know what so-and-so thinks of my pictures"; expresses himself rather laboriously in words as indeed in paint, for all the brilliance of the results. Picasso is confident, epigrammatic, superbly articulate, even in conversation: "I accompanied Braque and Derain to the station [they were off to World War I]. We have never found each other again." Many years after Gris had died Picasso said to Kahnweiler: "Our friends who have died continue to grow older with us."

Towards the end of Part Two something of the whole theme of the book is expressed.

> As for the other two great Cubists, I have no hesitation in stating that neither the fanatically autobiographical production of Picasso nor the serious and intimate work of Braque, romantics both of them, represents the new spirit [of Cubism] as clearly as the work of Gris. And we have defined this new spirit as being engendered by the philosophical conception of the tangible world as inside man, rather than of man as part (and this was the conception of the previous eight centuries) of the tangible world. . . . Gris added to the stock of emblems by which man recognises the outer world a set of noble, simple, intense forms.

"Emblem" is here a word of the utmost precision. But the initial Cézannesque, analytical phase of Cubism (1909 to 1911), when Picasso and Braque (Gris only came to maturity as a painter, and a Cubist, in 1912) were still plastering external appearances with "planes," was devoid of emblems of a concentrated quality. Objects were still moored in natural positions: their disposition in space still imitated the spatial arrangements of the natural world, as in Cézanne; but they were increasingly buffeted by a sea of planes surging with an ever intensifying rhythm; finally they shifted position or disappeared, like wreckage behind spray, and only a few tell-tale details remained visible, rigid among the fluttering planes, to identify the destroyed image—half a moustache or a coat buttonhole would indicate a "portrait." But in 1912 all this was succeeded by Synthetic Cubism: from here on Gris was as much at the centre of things as anyone, and of course he was the only one to carry forward an unbroken development of Cubism beyond 1920, right up to his death.

Now, as M. Kahnweiler says, the discovery of Synthetic Cubism was the revolutionary turning point. Suddenly the domination of pictorial space by the pattern or order of space in the natural, external world was ended. Now the imaginative, "internal" re-creation of objects finally displaced all direct derivation from external appearances; it must be admitted that even Cézanne's harmonious images often suffered at the hands of "Nature," were often diluted by truth to the external arrangement of objects, were diluted by truth to appearance.

> The Cubists [says M. Kahnweiler] did not invent a new way of representing space . . . but a new way of representing solid bodies. From the beginning of the movement space became again what it had been for the mediæval painter: the place in which bodies meet. Gris understood that there was no need to represent space, because, if the assembled bodies were truly represented, the beholder would himself place them in space and they would immediately group themselves. The graphic emblems . . . create, in the spectator's imagination, not only the bodies but also, through the mere disposition of the emblems, the space without which man cannot conceive of them.

But he adds, "the emblems are not comprehensible without previous visual experiences."

> Again, he says Gris' painting
> contains not the forms which have been collected in the visual memory of the painter, but *new forms*, forms which differ from those of the "real" objects we meet with in the visible world, forms which are truly emblems and which only become objects in the apperception of the spectator.

That these abstract forms do thus become objects again is the crucial point; it is the function which distinguishes the forms of Cubism from those of more abstract schools. The forms of Constructivist artists refer to nothing outside themselves, whereas a Cubist painting has, in Kahnweiler's words, "a two-fold existence. It exists autonomously in itself by itself and for itself, as an object; but outside itself it has a further existence—it signifies something."

Although Gris's paintings of people are not on the same level as his "portraits" of flasks, guitars and the like, he was a very consistent artist. Whatever the subject, the attack was much the same. Kahnweiler describes it: it "did away with the conflict between the part and the whole. Instead of starting with the detail and laboriously building up an ensemble, he started with the ensemble, whose rhythm he allowed to develop freely. From this rhythm sprang, in

William Medium is a young man with few scruples, a low opinion of his betters and a high regard for money. His fortunes in the years between the wars are pursued by Edward Hyams. Medium's activities — which include blackmailing blackmailers and the manufacture of patent bread, patent medicine and beauty products — are, perhaps, little less shoddy and undignified than the period in which he lives, but the author has written an exciting novel with good sense and a remarkable insight into what goes on behind the scenes.

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their turn, the objects. A few simple "stimulants" sufficed to make the spectator "see" the desired object. Parallel lines drawn on a white surface changed it into a page of music . . . a flatly drawn ring turned it into a plate." At this point M. Kahnweiler, who devotes a chapter to Cubism's repercussions on poetry, quotes Mr. Eliot: "I know," wrote Eliot, "that a poem or a section of a poem tends to appear first in the shape of a rhythm before developing into words, and that this rhythm is capable of giving birth to the idea and the image." The processes are remarkably similar. Further, it is obvious that Mr. Eliot's compressed images, with their invisible interstices of association between image and image, phrase and phrase, are very closely related, as a mode of communication, to the segmented visual statements of Cubist painting. Familiarity with either shows us that the apparent disjointedness or fragmentariness is itself the chief agent of intensification of impact and effect. Can we doubt that both reflect a change, a shift in the mode of consciousness of Western man?

PATRICK HERON

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES

When Smuts Goes—A History of South Africa from 1952-2010. By ARTHUR KEPPEL-JONES. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

A lecturer in history of the Witwatersrand University has every opportunity of meditating on the course of South African affairs. Mr. Keppel-Jones has used his chance to write a warning on the wall, not in seven words, but as a prophetic history. It is a satire in form, using some of the more tiresome satirical conventions, like allegorical names: Professor Netwerk, who undermines liberal education; Schadenfreude, the minister of propaganda; Cringe, the political Vicar of Bray. But the general effect is more serious than that of satire. True, the follies of the nationalist and racialist Afrikaners are drawn with the line of caricature. And the style is a sustained effort of spoof; it is just that used by the historians who write text-books for university curricula; dense, summary, only breaking the serried narrative to make an occasional moral observation in the fine old Whig tradition. Anyone who has read the *Outlines of European History* series will feel quite at home, which is clearly the author's intention. But as he traces the dissolution of the United Africa party after Smuts' death; the swing, through two elections, to the Republican Right, the crescendo of isolation, of race oppression, of corruption and of the control of opinion, the impression grows that this is not satire; it is seriously meant prophecy; "the Burden of Nineveh."

The tale is detailed with a sort of loving hatred, bristling with fine envenomed points whose sting will, perhaps, only be felt by South Africans familiar with their country. But the general trend is plain enough; the White ruling caste, diminished by the emigration of all the British and the progressive Dutch elements; the vain African rebellion against intolerable conditions, the ruin of the economy of the country when gold is demonetised, the adherence of South Africa to resurgent Nazism. Thereafter the author leaves probability for fancy. He stages a British-American invasion under the United Nations Security Council, the defeat of the Afrikaners and the mass emigration of the remnant to Argentina, and the failure of the attempt to regenerate the Africans, kept at an uneducable level by the former regime. Mr. Keppel-Jones ends with a comparison of the flourishing civilisation of its neighbours with the misery of South Africa. I find it difficult to swallow his picture of a Rhodesian Dominion, progressing democratically with Senators from the Nyassaland tribes. But of course he needed his contrast, even if it meant endowing the British government with the courage to refuse South African demands for the annexation of the Protectorates, and the implied enlightenment of the Rhodesian settlers. And the main reasoning is likely enough to prove itself true—except that history, whatever the dialecticians may aver, is often diverted from its apparently inevitable course by chance, change, the luck of leadership. All the same, everybody should read this horoscope who watches the signs in the African sky; for it is frequently entertaining and consistently clever.

FREDA WHITE

NORFOLK WORTHIES

A Norfolk Gallery. By R. W. KETTON-CREMER. *Faber.* 21s.

Norfolk is fortunate in Mr. Ketton-Cremer. Provincial biography smacks of local patriotism and parochial complacency; but there is nothing provincial about Mr. Ketton-Cremer beyond his subjects. As was seen in his *Life of Horace Walpole,* he has the scholarship and the polished style to write the life of any great national figure; yet he prefers to resuscitate the smaller fry nearer home. His *Norfolk Portraits,* published four years ago, did honour to his native county. In *A Norfolk Gallery* he pays another tribute to the part played in history by the plain, inconspicuous country gentlemen of England. Much of his new book Mr. Ketton-Cremer has devoted to the time of the Civil War. It was never more urgent than during that *funeste* period for a country gentleman to remain plain and inconspicuous; and never was it harder to do so. John Evelyn, the diarist, remarking that it was "impossible to evade the doing very unhandsome things" if one stayed in England, took evasive action by travelling abroad. In Norfolk, where most of the gentry sat tight on their estates, there was little open warfare between the two parties, as the country was predominantly Puritan; but the doing of unhandsome things went on as vigorously as elsewhere.

Joseph Hall, the tolerant Bishop of Norwich, who had once preached a bold sermon to King Charles on "the mischief of faction," had all his property seized by the Committee of Sequestrators and was left penniless. Two local Members of Parliament interceded with the Committee to grant the Bishop a small subsistence; but their merciful intention was frustrated by Miles Corbet, the regicide. Evicted from his Palace and reduced to penury, Hall went on preaching until his death the virtues of patience and fortitude in time of trouble.

The minor Royalist clergy suffered a fate similar to that of their Bishop. If they would not subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant, they were liable to be deprived of their livings and suffer sequestration; and their own congregations were encouraged to denounce them for infringement of Parliamentary regulations. However, if human nature cannot be improved by Act of Parliament, neither can it be debased; and it is pleasant to read that it was "found by sad experience that Parishioners were not forward to complain of their Ministers, though they were very scandalous." One of these clergymen, the Rev. Nethaniel Gill, played a strange prank on his persecutors: he carried off the parish register with him into sequestration and kept up defiant entries in Royalist Latin and Greek for 17 years until the Restoration. Of a different calibre was the Rev. Thomas Thorowgood, who adjusted his religious convictions to the shifts of politics with such tact and discretion that even to-day Mr. Ketton-Cremer cannot decide whether he was a complacent old humbug or as innocent of guile as a dove.

Although Mr. Ketton-Cremer refuses to take sides in the Civil War, there is no doubt where

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his sympathy lies. He does not grudge the Puritans their success, but his heart goes out to the unfortunate Cavaliers; and his choice of subjects is guided by this affection. The roundabout journey of Charles I across a corner of Norfolk in a succession of disguises, when on his way to surrender himself to the Scottish Army, is rich in the pathos of a defeated cause. The futile gallantry of old Sir Hamon L'Estrange at the siege of King's Lynn in 1643 is matched, 60 years later, by the stoical fortitude with which the wretched Jacobite schemer, Christopher Layer, went to the scaffold rather than betray his fellow conspirators.

In the eighteenth century Norfolk reverts to that "gentle unemphatic landscape" so dear to the author. But against this bucolic background of tree planters and landscape gardeners rises the flamboyant figure of the third Earl of Orford, whose portrait deserves the place of honour in *A Norfolk Gallery*. The Earl was Horace Walpole's nephew, and Mr. Ketton-Cremer is much indebted to the uncle's pungent pen for the details of his career. I cannot begin to describe the idyllic life of sport and frolic that this eccentric nobleman spent with his charming mistress, Patty Turk. Madame Du Deffand wrote to Horace Walpole: "*J'aime mieux cette histoire que tous les romans du monde.*" And readers will find it hard not to agree with her.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE CHILDREN OF WERTHER

Leaves in the Storm. Edited by STEFAN SCHIMANSKI and HENRY TREECE. *Lindsay Drummond.* 10s. 6d.

This compilation of wartime journals and diaries possesses a certain grisly fascination since so much of it is devoted to cruel self-parody, largely one imagines unconscious in spite of the acute prevailing self-consciousness. The conventional public schoolboy has come in for a great deal of mockery from the bohemian side of the fence, and it is surprising to see how much more conventional the bohemian rebel is becoming with his obligatory Rimbaudesque attitudes, his obsession with indistinction, unsuccess, and failure. It is the done thing, apparently, when it comes to keeping a diary to make sure of establishing oneself as dimmer, less happy, more *souffrant* than Amiel at the least.

> My sweetheart has refused what I offered her. Yet I have lost what I offered her, somewhere. I have lost myself.
>
> There is nothing left of me save my indestructibility, a small hard thing in my head, a stone the size of my fist. I can feel its hardness behind my eyes, aching.
>
> There is no love. (Alun Lewis.)

Or:

> I see nothing but the blacked-out houses silhouetted against a dark sky; and behind the houses I see nothing but rain falling mercilessly with its greyish eyes; and in the background I can see all our hopes and dreams being washed away in those dreary melancholic tears . . . (Stefan Schimanski.)

Or:

> Every culture is fundamentally based on an assent of some sort; in the sense in which liberalism is a merely negative doctrine, and is not a disguised form of the doctrine of aristocracy, there is no liberal culture. In that sense I am one of the most negative people I know; in that sense I have no culture. That explains, I think, my total failure, while in Cairo, to interest my fellow soldiers in poetry . . . (G. S. Fraser.)

Or:

> This morning at an alleged lecture, I sat in front of Captain Richardson and envied him his smooth, well-kept hands. Mine are chapped, dirty, and painfully cracked around the nails, and I eat from a tin plate permanently filmed with grease from last week's meals. But I will not fall for the bait. I am resolved to stay in the ranks. (Rayner Heppenstall.)

The tone, and the attitude, is that not unfairly parodied in Mr. Betjeman's *Eighteenth-Century Calvinistic Hymn*—"Thank God my afflictions are such That I cannot lie down in my bed, And if I but take to my couch, I incessantly vomit and bleed." The only difference is that our latter-day enthusiasts have plunged on mental rather than physical distress; the error is identical—that of mistaking the state of acute sensibility leading to mystical experience for the experience itself. Apart from this Wertherish determination to blubber their way into Parnassus one sees in the diarists a certain tendency to produce credentials at the drop of a hat—they are, by Jiminez, exceptional persons, and they are going to prove it. "There is little time at the moment for anything but observation, and yet I cannot help thinking about the problem of value, and its place in society. T. S. Eliot, Herbert Read has told me, remarked twenty years ago, that this was the central problem of our time." "The cacophony of our car engine begins to beat out music in my mind, and I go sketchedly through the 6th symphony of Tchaikowski . . . after that I begin to compose music to the sound of the engine . . ." "Reading Rimbaud on deck this morning, while, by some fantastic discrepancy, a selection Lilac Time wheezed over the Tannoy, I felt an inward peace and happiness . . ." Some manage, without throwing Lorca, Rilke, and the five feet of the best books at the reader, to swim straight up into the stratosphere where only the most serene egotist dare venture: "Until I came, he was the only man in the intake with any experience of life at all."

All this showy impudicity of the young forms a sharp contrast to the dutiful spirit shown by Mr. Stephen Spender, who approaches his diary as the dancer goes to do his exercise at the bar, or the boxer to the stone quarry:

> He said it was very important that one should, at all costs, go on writing now. "It doesn't seem to me to matter very much whether, at the moment, it is or it isn't very good. The important thing is to keep going. Probably it's impossible to do excellent work while things are so disturbed."
>
> I mentioned that I hadn't been able to work so had started this journal.—He said, "Yes, that's an excellent idea. Just writing every day is a way of keeping the engine running, and then some good may come of it."

Mr. T. S. Eliot's advice was undoubtedly sound, but, somehow, one does not warm to a diary written in that frame of mind.

The running commentary with which Mr. Stefan Schimanski and Mr. Henry Treece link and introduce the various contributions does still less to quicken the reader's sympathy: one wants, in fact, to slap its face, to pour buckets of cold water over it, and to apply all the other time-honoured remedies for the state it is in:

> What else can we say of that period?
>
> Well, we were bombed.
>
> In London it started one Saturday afternoon, when the first German planes, glistening like silver moths in the sunlight, slowly flew into the city, and when the few guns shot at them helplessly like lame ducks trying to clear a fence.
>
> But don't go as far as London to confirm this.
>
> Go to Hull.
>
> Or to Birmingham.
>
> Or to Coventry.
>
> But here again there is no need to remind you of all this.
>
> And yet it *was* the finest hour.
>
> Do you remember the Local Defence Volunteers, those fathers of the Home Guard, springing from the earth like Mushrooms after a storm . . .

Three sober and honest pieces of descriptive writing by Alan Rook, Desmond Leslie, and V. S. Pritchett are embedded in all this like diamonds in blue clay; but though they do give one with satisfying completeness the experiences with which they deal it is grim work looking for them in the unrewarding matter.

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METHUEN

Week-end Competitions

No. 944

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The unctuous, intimate, anecdotal manner of the experienced Charity appeal secretary was unmistakable in the wireless feature: The Week's Good Cause. The usual prizes are offered for similar appeals for The Week's Bad Cause in not more than 200 words. Entries by March 30th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 941

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for an epigram in four lines on one of the Appetites.

Report by Sebastian

I thought we had by now become sufficiently self-indulgent to revive the pleasure of moralising without inflicting the aches and pains of injunction. The results confirm me. Two competitors exactly hit off what I had in mind: they were both terse and anecdotal. They are Pithecus and L. E. J. who are to have a guinea each. Lust, hunger and drinking were, of course, the most popular subjects and of these, the first and the last were the easiest. Only one competitor pounced upon the collecting mania; only one dealt with the appetite for admiration. The appetites for suffering and cruelty were oddly absent, unless mountain-climbing comes into this group! There was no self-love; but here I am not quite clear about the difference between an appetite and a passion. Is anger—as suggested by Ethel Talbot Scheffauer—an appetite? Have we a *hunger* for the roaring rage? I have picked out 14 other entries. They come from Chas. Race, Diablotin, L. G. Udall, H. D. Wakeley, Wm. Bliss, G. J. Blundell, H. A. C. Evans, X, Silvja Tatham, John Stevenson, J. C. B. Date, Allan M. Laing, Willy Tadpole, W. Stewart. These are to have 6*s.* each.

"Declare your Appetites," St. Peter cried,
"All's contraband, from Lust to lightest Wish!"
But, winking, chalked the hand-bag where he spied
A lurking partiality for Fish. L. E. J.

INVICTUS

Imbecile, paralysed, dumb, deaf and blind,
Old Edax lies in a perpetual swoon:
Yet one last flicker still can light his mind
When in his mouth he feels the feeding-spoon.
PITHECUS

THE APPETITE FOR ADMIRATION

"For to admire and for to see"
Is hardly good enough for me.
I much prefer, compared with that,
To be looked up to—yes, and at!
"X"

LOVE AND LUST

Desire, by Parson blest—or Registrar—
Is labelled Love, and honoured near and far;
But let it chance to stray awhile, by just
The shadow of a hair's-breadth—lo! 'tis Lust!
H. A. C. EVANS

Love with her cousin Lust (that bold bad flame)
Would oft their clothes exchange to join the rout;
But very soon lost interest in the game,
For God himself could never catch them out.
W. STEWART

The Appetite which spurs to wed
Is labelled Love—and so to bed.
No ring, no home—I fear you must
Call this low craving simply Lust.
L. G. UDALL

What are these lusts and monstrous passions which
The moralists and epicures hatch?
Each appetite is but a form of itch,
And Life on Earth one long desire to scratch.
DIABLOTIN

GREED

Thus prates the Moralist to Me and You,
"You cannot eat your cake, and have it too."
See how old avid Moneybags contrives
To take his cut of honey, bees, and hives!
JOHN STEVENSON

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THE APPETITE FOR CLIMBING

Insatiable he scans the dazzling heights,
The virgin snow of ice-slope and crevasse,
Filled with that longing which to slake invites
The sparkling Dent over the Mer de Glace.
SILVIA TATHAM

GLUTTONY

For gluttons why feel any animosity,
Damned while alive by their own adiposity?
Poor fellows! Pity them who for their sins
Have double loads to bear and double chins.
WILLY TADPOLE

Poor witty X has shot himself for spite,
Because his pre-war epigram on food
("A meal is that which gives one appetite")
Became so obviously a platitude.
CHARLES RACE

THE VULGARITY OF FOOD

This nice Gallant so much ador'd his Sweet,
He thought it vulgar she shou'd have to eat:
She, by his Sensibility full fir'd,
Fed thence on Love alone, and so expir'd.
ALLAN M. LAING

Whale steaks indeed! A sorry passion that!
But appetite will brook no let or trammel,
Still straining at the imponderable gnat
While swallowing this mammal.
H. D. WAKELY

THIRST

How right to slake our thirst and pass
The cup that cheers from hand to hand,
Since Time soon breaks his fragile glass
And fills each mouth with Death's dry sand.
G. J. BLUNDELL

The sort of people I have met
Who say they're drinking to forget
Are not at all the sort, I think,
Who ever would forget to drink.
J. C. B. DATE

"From henceforth thou shalt toil." Hard punishment
For man's first sin. No respite? No escape?
Yes, there was mercy shown, for, as they went,
Eve reached a hand, and, unseen, snatched a grape.
WILLIAM BLISS

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Dept. of Social Studies. Applics. invited for posts of: (a) Lecturer in Social Anthropology, and (b) Lecturer in Public Administration, on sal. scale £550, rising by £25 annually to £900 p.a. with direct from Oct. 1. Applics. to reach Registrar, University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), by April 24.

UNIVERSITY College, Exeter. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Economics. Further parties. from the Registrar.

BALLIOL College, Oxford, proposes shortly to elect an Official Fellow in Modern History as from September 29, 1948, and invites applics., to be received by April 17. Applicants should be prepared to teach mainly nineteenth and twentieth century European history, and also political theory. The choice of the College will not be confined to those who apply. Applics. to College Sec., Balliol College, Oxford, from whom further details obtainable.

UNIV. of Birmingham. Extra-Mural Dept. Applics. invited for post of Staff Tutor in Fine Arts, comm. Sept. 1, 1948. Initial salary not less than £550 p.a. secdg. to qualifics. and exp., rising to £700. Applics. before April 15, to D. R. Dudley, The University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Psychology (incl. Experimental Psychology). Salary £500 to £600, or £600 to £750, according to qualifics. and exp. In addition a Children's Allowance of £50 p.a. for the first child and £40 p.a. for each subsequent child under 16, or while the child is undergoing full-time education, is payable. Person appointed will take up duty on October 1, 1948, or as may be arranged. Applics. should reach Secretary to University (from whom Applic. Forms and Conditions of Appointment may be obtained), by April 15, 1948.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applics. invited for a Lecturer and Assistant Lecturer in Statistics with exp. in application of statistical methods in social sciences. Salary scales £500 p.a., rising to £850, and £400 p.a., rising to £500 with superann. benefits and family allowances. In the case of the Lectureship, pref. will be given to candidates with exp. in applied economics. Applics., which should be accompanied by names of three refs., should be forwarded by March 31, 1948, to Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Depart. of Mathematics. Council will shortly make appointments to 3 posts, one in each of (a) Pure Mathematics, (b) Applied Mathematics, and (c) Statistics, on the Assistant Lecturer grade (initial sal. £400–£450) or on the Lecturer grade (£550–£25–£900), according to applicants' qualifics. Appointments to take effect from October 1. Further partics. from the Registrar, University, Leeds, 2, to whom applics. (3 copies) should be sent by April 17.

TECHNICAL Schools. Herts. Education Ctee.—Sth.-West Herts. Division. Watford Technical and Art Institute. Applics. invited for post of Head of Art Dept. Candidates should be Associates of Royal College of Art or possess some other recognised diploma, and have had industrial and commercial art exp., together with teaching exp. Sal.—Burnham Grade I, Head of Dept., £600×£25 to £750. Person appointed to this post will be responsible to Principal for the organisation and development in the dept. and will be reqd. to commence duty as soon as possible. Applicn. forms & further partics. from Divisional Educ. Office, Little Cassiobury, Hempstead Rd. Watford. Completed forms to be retnd. by April 3.

LEEDS College of Arts. Principal: E. B. Pullée, A.R.C.A. Applics. invited for post of full-time Assistant in the School of Design, duties to commence as soon as possible after Easter. Candidates should hold the A.R.C.A., A.T.D. or equivalent qualification, and should have knowledge and exp. as a designer for interior decoration. Successful candidate will be expected to take specialist students to a high standard and to supervise design in connection with all branches of work in Dept. of Painting and Decorating. Sal.: min., £300; annual increments, £15; max., £355. Additions for approved training and degree or equiv. qualification. Previous teaching exp., war service and approved industrial exp. will be taken into account in calculating comm. salary. Further partics. and forms of applic. may be obtained by sending a s.a. foolscap env. to Director of Education, Education Offices, Leeds, 1.

THE Y.W.C.A. has vacancies in Northern England for (a) Secretary-Leader, trained, for club of young industrial workers in Whitehaven. Salary £240–£250. (b) Leader for Girls' Club in Sunderland, ship-building area. Extension Club for married women. Good opportunity for building up fine membership. Salary £250–£300. Apply Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Ctee. Children's Homes. Applics. invited from persons pref. experienced, and interested in work with small group of maladjusted children for posts of Children's Assistant, at: (1) Lashbrook House, near Henley-on-Thames; (2) Wroston House, near Banbury. Salary £3 13s. 6d. less 23s. w. residential emoluments. Further partics. om Welfare Officer, 1 New Rd. Oxford.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ROYAL Navy—Short Service Commissions in Instructor Branch. Applics. invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 yrs. in Education Service, Royal Navy. Requirements are for Officers with qualifics. in Maths., Science, Engineering or Geography, and to a limited extent for those holding good degrees in English, History or Economics. Opportunities afforded for officers, after 2 years' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under Nat. Service Acts. Entry will be in 2 grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Hons. Degrees receive approx. £328 in their 1st yr.'s Service, £347 in 2nd yr., £438 in 3rd and 4th yrs., £474 in 5th yr. Other candidates receive £237 in 1st yr., £310 in 2nd and 3rd yrs., £347 in 4th and 5th yrs. Previous officer service in recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Married officers receive marriage allowance of £228 p.a. if aged 25 or over, £217 p.a. if under 25. Accomm. and rations provided or allowances in lieu. Outfit allowance is paid. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 payable at end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. Teachers who enter from contributory service under Teachers (Superann.) Acts will continue in contrib. service, Superann. contributions being deducted from above gratuities. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education; officers with suitable qualifics. may also be appointed for general meteorological and weather forecasting duties. They are borne in the larger ships and in the Naval Colleges, Training Establishments and Naval Air Stations. Apply to Director (P), Education Dept., Admiralty, S.W.1, for fuller details and application forms.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men and women for post of Education Officer in Scotland. Duties will involve travelling in Scotland to visit schools and to hold meetings and discussions with teachers and with educational bodies. General educational exp. of as varied a nature as possible is desirable. This should include exp. of teaching in school and of further education and a good knowl. of educational system. Pending the settlement of the Corporation's post-war establishment now proceeding, the post will be non-established on a consolidated sal. rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. of £890 p.a. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, together with further details of post and information on Superannuation position of teachers serving with B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1. For reply please enclose s.a.e. Closing date is April 13. Envelopes to be marked "Education—Scotland, N. Stns."

ASSISTANT required Local Government Section, Labour Party Research Dept. Knowledge Local Government, Local Labour Party machinery, & drafting ability essnl. Sal. £425 rising to £475. Applics. to Secy. Labour Party, Transport Hse., Smith Sq. S.W.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applics. invited for posts of Organising Tutors for Northumberland and Tyneside. Commencing sal. £350–£400 according to qualifics. and exp., and rising by increments to £550. Application Form from: W.E.A., 51 Grainger St., Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1. Closing date for applics. March 30.

WESTMORLAND C.C. Applics. invited for post of Psychiatric Social Worker. Possession of Mental Health Certificate is essential and Univ. Degree would be additional qualific. Salary according to recommendations of Joint Negotiating Ctee. (Hospital Staffs), £370–£20–£530. Point of scale on which Officer will be placed will depend on previous exp. and qualifics. Post will be superannuable. Travelling allowance paid or a car will be provided. The Psychiatric Social Worker will work under direction of County Medical Officer. Canvassing will disqualify. Forms of applic. and details of conditions of appointment and duties may be obtained from me and applics. must reach me by March 31. John A. Guy, County Med. Officer, County Hall, Kendal.

WANTED, full-time Leader, in May, for David Lewis Girls' Club, Liverpool. Training essential. Residence if desired at University Settlement. Apply by March 31. Partics. from Secretary, David Lewis Girls' Club, Gt. George Place, Liverpool, 1.

LEEDS Central Club. Senior Club Leader reqd. in April. Large centre of approx. 500 members all ages. Special responsibility for members over 20. Knowledge of music an advantage. Sal. from £250, non-resident, with meals when on duty. Apply to Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Grafham Grange Residential School for educationally sub-normal junior boys, Bramley, nr. Guildford, Surrey, resident Assistant Master. Ability to play piano desirable. Sal., Burnham scale plus 2 increments carried beyond the max. Emoluments of board, lodging (single quarters), washing and medical attendance provided in consideration of supervisory duties outside school hrs. Applic. forms from Education Officer (T.S.S), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by April 6. Canvassing disqualifies. (416.)

ADMINISTRATIVE Staff. Assistant Cook required for Girls' Hostel, 100 residents. Apply Warden, Shaftesbury House, St. Mary's Row, Birmingham, 4.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

CLUB Leaders and Assistants (women) reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training necessary. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-resident. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous experience in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £120 resident for assistants up to £220 resident for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit.

DUDLEY Training College. Castle View, Dudley, Worcs. Principal: David Jordan, M.A., B.Sc. Assistant Matron reqd. in April, 1948, to supervise Domestic Staff and arrangements at the Hostel for men students. Salary comm. at £180 p.a., rising by annual increments of £15 to £250 p.a., plus bonus (at present £48 2s. p.a.) with board and lodging during term time. Further information fr. Principal, to whom applics. by letter, giving partics. of age, qualifics., exp., should be sent by April 3.

ROYAL Holloway College (University of London). Reqd. woman Head Gardener wanted. Must be able to handle male staff. Exp. with vegetable production for large numbers necessary, knowledge of turf and woodland an advantage. Post can be resident or non-resident. Apply for further partics. to Secretary to the Governors, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

Appointments Wanted

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